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Might bee the loadstone of all learned eyes;
There's ne'r a leaf in which I cannot spie
Th' Author in's more true Anatomie:
Yet All's too little: Hee is but made less
By th' Painters Pencil, or the Printers Presse.



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SION and PARNASSUS,
OR
EPIGRAMS
On severall texts of the Old and
New Testament.

To which are added,
A Poem on the Passion,
A Hymn on the Resurrection,
Ascension,
And feast of Pentecost.

By JOHN HODGESDON.

Horat. de arte Poet.
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.



L O N D O N;
Printed by R. Daniel for G. Everſden, and are to be
ſold at his ſhop over againſt the little north
gate of S. Pauls Church.
M D C L.

210 N. and T. A. R. V. 12202

OR
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On severall texts of the Old and
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A Poem on the Passion
A Poem on the Resurrection

A Poem on the Ascension
A Poem on the Pentecost

Imprimatur.

June 7. 1650.

Nath. Brent.

Printed by R. D. and G. E. for J. W. and the
Sole Proprietors of the Press.

LONDON.
Printed by R. D. and G. E. for J. W. and the
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Gate of St. Dunstons Church.

2
To my worthy friend, and honoured Uncle,
CHRISTOPHER HODDESDON

Esquire, Secondary of the Upper bench.

SIR,

His happy (although too late) acquaintance which I have had with you as a Friend, and the kind reception which I have found from you as a Kinsman, hath encouraged me to dedicate these Epigrams to you, not doubting, but that you who have already owned the Authour, will also Patronize the Work. Sir, I shall not herein seek my self, or flatter you. That I present you with this book, is more out of respect to you, then any designe for my self; and not so much to beg new favours, as to give thanks for such as I have already received. The great reward that I look for, is onely your kind Acceptance, by which yet I shall be a gainer: your name in the frontispiece will adde credit to the book, and grace to

Your obliged, and ever dutifull nephew
J. HODDESDON.

Ad Juvenem optimæ spei atque indolis
JOHANNEM HODGESDON,

Hujus libelli autorem.

N Ostra juvenra tuos pingat Cithereia vultus
Suspendatq; comis carmina vana tuis.
Tu sacrata nova texisti Biblia veste;
Primaq; divinum pagina tractat opus.
Nulla Venus, nulla his lascivit Lesbia chartis,
Nec Minus est facies inde venusta libri,
Charta Deum brevis illa capit: liber atria cœli
Et pius, & doctus, (quid volo plura?) Tuus.
Hoc Juvenis folio justè mirabilis, in se
Omnia quod potuit claudere, clausit opus.

Tuis Amicus studios

Henricus Bromley.

To his much respected friend the Author
on his divine Epigrams.

NO more, ye Roman Theaters, reverse
Your Maro's, Ovids, or Tibullus verse;
Here's such an honour as great Virgil miss,
Though to attain't he turn'd Evangelist.
This work, which metaphras'd in prose requires
A Septuagint, and often Synods tires,
Is perfected by one, if one he be,
Who hundreds seems in ingenuity.
Onely this work in one thing don't agree,
But differs quite from our Theology.
Both sacred pages, old and new, in it
Make but one testament of th' Authors wit.

R. Marth.

To his Friend the Author on his divine
Epigrams.

LO here's a muse, whose active nimble wings
Soar up aloft to reach at heavenly things:
Who makes a higher Helicon his abode,
With eager pride, scorning the common roade
Of vulgar meditations: one whose wit
Aim'd at the noblest subject, and most fit:
The holy Bible: and although this story
So ex'lent be, that none can adde more glory,
Yet heathens, which do most respect the latter,
Will be allur'd to like it farre the better.
Go on, go on, ; if thy first enterprise
Doth mount so high, we must get eagles eyes
To see thy next: but if thou fliest high'r,
Then all that we can do, is to admire:
Fear not mortality; Gods name shall be
(Which here you mention) thine's eternitie.

W. Iames.

To his friend the Author, on his divine
Epigrams.

THow hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I
Who ne're before could hem of Poetry
Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
A line in commendation of my friend;
Yet 'tis but of the second hand, if ought
There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
Good thief who dar'st Prometheus-like aspire,
And fill thy poems with Celestiall fire:
Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rayes
Adde a bright lustre to thy crown of bayes.
Young Eaglet who thy nest thus soon forsook,
So lofty and divine a course hast took
As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother Chin;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the grace
To look the sunne of righteousness in face.
What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast!
Scriptures at first; Euthusiasmes at last!
Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a saint: go on,
Mingling Diviner streams with Helicon.

That they who view what Epigrams here be said of
 May learn to make like, in just praise of thee.
 Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
 Thy greedy eyes, looking on this pure gold
 Thou'lt know adulterate copper, which like this
 Will onely serve to be a foil to this.

J. Dryden
of Tim. C.





THE CREATION OF THE WORLD.

Come and behold the works of God.

PSAL. LXVI.



COME and behold the works of God, and see
If any greater then our God there bee:

Come, and behold his works, by whose
words sayd

The fabrique of this Universe was made.

And when th'hast view'd all the world doth containe,

Looke on thy selfe, and view them o're againe.

GENESIS

God eternall. Ch. I.

In the beginning God did all things make

Himselfe from no time did beginning take.

The Chaos. Ch. I. v. II.

This rude unmoulded masse, this Four-in-One
Earth, Water, Fire, and Ayre, made Union

A

In discord, but could not have long subsisted:
 The Fire had Water, Earth had Ayre resisted,
 And infant-Nature worne with jarres at length
 Had been consumed with her proper strength;
 But that great word, which first did bid them be,
 Made separation, and yet unisye.

3.

Light created. ch. i. v. 3.

All things were cloath'd with universall Night
 When God created beames of radiant light:
 In imitation strive we that we may
 Be children now not of the night, but Day.

4.

The Firmament. ch. i. v. 7.

'Twas now high time God should fulfill's intent
 To build his high Watch-Tower, the Firmament:
 Which might divide the waters here below,
 From those Nectarean streames, that there doe flow.
 This is his Palaet, whose all-searching eye
 The inmost cavernes of the earth doth spy.
 Vast is the House, but heere the wonder is;
 Himselfe is greater then the Edifice.

5. *The Sea separated from the Land. ch. i. v. 9.*

The Ocean's wide wombe yawnes, and Earth
 'ginns peepe
 From out the confines of the watry deepe.

'Twixt

'Twixt whom so firme a fixed league is plight
 That neither dare usurp the others right:
 These senselesse Elements thus cease to jarre;
 Yet Man with earth seas, Heav'n, himself doth warre.

6. *The earth bringing forth fruit. ch. I. v. 12.*

Plenty ensues on this establish'd peace.
 Trees, flowers, roots, herbs, grasse, seeds yield
 their increase.
 O Let us to bring forth good fruits begin!
 Onely be barren in the fruits of sin.

7. *The Sunne and Moon created. ch. I. v. 16.*

The earth replenish'd thus, adorn'd, and grac'd;
 The candles now above the room are plac'd.
 The Sunne to rule the day: the Moon is given
 To guide the night: the stars made signes in heaven;
 But O what need is there in heav'n of them!
 God's presence gilds the new Jerusalem.

8. *Fish. ch. I. v. 20.*

The fruitfull Sea gives sundry creatures birth
 More and more monstrous then or ayre or Earth:
 Thetis, whilst these she dandles in her lappe,
 Wayles in salt teares her speechlesse issues happe.

Genesis.

9. *Birdes and Fowles. ch. I. v. 21.*

Fowle, the first liveing creatures, did repaire
Into the open mansion of the Ayre
where though their bodyes confin'd are to th'sky ;
Mans soule a far more lofty course doth fly.

10. *Beastes and creeping things. ch. I. v. 24.*

After the Ayre was filled, and the sea;
The Earth brought forth her beastly progeny.
But since Man fell from keeping God's behests
Hee's turn'd more *soule* then *Fowle*, more *beast* then
Beastes.

11. *MAN Created. ch. I. v. 26.*

His Palace fully furnisht; MAN was made
To enter it, and be by all obeyd
Who with a reasonable soul indu'd
Doth in himself another World include :
He hath o're all the creatures mastery ;
Thrice happy ! if God's servant he could be.

12. *The end of the CREATION. ch. 2.*
A D A M.

He was in paradise, in innocence,
But haveing fell from grace, he fell from thences;
Well, Adam, yet be cheerd in this hard happ,
Thou fallest no lower, then thy Mothers lapp.

Alind

13.

Alind. ch. 3. v. 7.

Adam, who dureing his first state, had none, (gone,
Then first sought clothes, when righteounesse was
Truth naked is : when truth from him was fled
Noe mar'l he sought a *cloak* for what he did.

14.

On the forbidden fruit. ch. 3.

AD EVAM.

Shee'l eate it, though, for eating it, she dye;
O'tis a pretious apple in her eye!

15.

C A I N. ch. 4.

Is't not a faire example thou dost give
(Bloud-thirsty Cain) to them that after live,
That thus times Annalls should record of thee
The first man borne; the first manslayer he?
Hold, hold thy impious hand; buttis too late;
Thy brothers bloud cryes lowd at heavens Gate
Lowdlike *A-Bell* for vengeance, who being slain,
Thou'rt markt: Hell knowes thee by that brand again.

16.

Alind. ch. 4.

Who first the art of Tillage found,
With's Brothers bloud manur'd his ground:
A fruitfull harvest followed
A crop of Vengeance on his Head.

A 3

A B E L

17.

ABEL. ch. 4.

More innocent, more harmlesse then those sheep;
Whome though he kept, himself he could not keep.
His Offring G o d accepts; he there fore dyes,
Unto his Brother's wrath, a Sacrifice.

18.

SETH. ch. 5.

Seth's pillars which inscrib'd with learning stood
Firme against th' incursions of the swelling flood;
Are now consum'd with time, and so is he:
These lines help to support his memorie.

19.

ENOCH. ch. 5. v. 24.

Blest Enoch in the Heavens is thy abode.
Thou walkst with God before thou walkst with God.

20.

METHUSALEM. ch. 5. v. 27.

Good Enoch lived here a little space,
And was translated to a better place.
Methuselah liv'd long, how was this done?
The Sire translated's years unto the son.

NOAH.

21.

NOAH, ch. 6.

When man from Adam, sin from men had birth
 And both were now grown Giants on the Earth;
 God sent a flood, whose proud o're-flowing waves
 Drowne great and little world: his Arke Noy saves;
 But when the world shall be destroyed agen,
 Then A H-N O Arke shall be for mortall men.

Aliud. ch. 6.

The World is drown'd, Noah no deluge feares;
 For he had drown'd himself before, in teares.

23.

Aliud. ch. 6.

When all mankind found in the sea their graves
 His fire of zeale Noy from the waters saves.

24.

NOAH'S Husbandry, ch. 9.

After the flood Noah begann
 To plant and play the husbandman.
 But too much wine carousing downe,
 In drunkenesse himself doth drowne:
 He now too had been sav'd I guesse
 Had he the Arke of Sobernesse.

25.

NOAH'S Sonnes. ch. 9.

HAM came and saw his Fathers nakednesse:
 But SHEM and JAPHET cover't: Noy doth blesse
 These two, this curse bequeatheth to their brother
 That he should bow the *ham* unto the other.

26.

ABRAHAM. ch. 12. v. 7.

With this good Patriarch God did covenant
 Unto his seed blest Canaan to grant:
 But ere God to fulfill his word began
 Himself possesse the heavenly Canaan.

27.

LOT. ch. 9.

A godly life he liv'd, great wealth he got
 God pleas'd with Lot, and Lot pleas'd with his *lote*.
 Yet this strange sin by him was strangely don,
 He was the Grandfather of his owne son!

28.

SODOM and GOMORRAH. ch. 19.

Sinne reigned heere, God therefore on this towne
 Doth *raie* from Heaven fire and brimstone downe:
 Which, as a sad præludium, doth foretel
 What they heereafter must expect in Hell.

ABRA-

29. BRAHAM, offering (his son)
ISAAC. ch. 22. v. 10.

When he with willing heart, and outstretch'd hand
Was ready to fulfill the hard command:
When now the fatall knife was drawn, which so
Was to have slaine all Israel at one blow;
God, for the Offering, did with him dispence
Pleas'd with the offer of's obedience.

30. On the Ram caught in the Bush. ch. 22. v. 13.

Ram, this with thee will prove a bloudy day;
Thou with thy life the price of life must pay:
For Isaack thou art made a Sacrifice,
And Christ the Paschall lambe for Sinners dyes.

31. ESAU. ch. 24. v. 33.

When, Esau toild with hunting, now was come
To take up soyles and spoyles, returning home
Fainting for hunger: he his birthright gave
For pottage, his neere fleeting life to save.
O foole, that hunted had so hard all day,
Yet letts at last his brother take the prey!

32.

ISAAC. ch. 27.

Just Abraham in his old Age begat
 Isaac heir of his blessings, and estate,
 Who blind with age, yet with foreseeing mind,
 The future fortunes of his sons divin'd;
 No blessing gave to Esau he lov'd best,
 But Jacob whom he lov'd not, he blest.

33. JACOB *Getting the blessing.* ch. 27.

Whilst Esau ranging seeks for Venison,
 Mean space the blessing which he sought, is gone,
 For *Harts* and fallow *Deer* seeks every where
 And loofeth what is to his *heart* most *dear*.

34. JACOB'S *Ladder.* ch. 28. v. 13.

Jacob by pious fraud, and honest theft
 Supplanted Esau of his birthright: 'rest
 Him of his blessing, more what could he do?
 He did his best to have been born first too.
 Nor was lesse force then wisdom to him given
 By which he wrestled and prevayl'd with heaven:
 At last worn out with age, his *staffs* layd by,
 He takes his ladder, and so scales the sky.

JUDAH.

35.

JUDAH. ch. 38.

From Judah, Jacob's third, but strongest sonne;
A greater lyon then himself there sprung,

36.

JOSEPH. ch. 39.

Joseph th'art sold a slave, but yet made free
From their malicious hands, who envy'd thee.
A prisoner both for thine, and for their good
Sent into Egypt to prepare them food.
Thy Mistresse would perswade thee to her will
But found thee trusty honest Joseph still;
And when thy garment snatchd from thee was gone,
Thy naked truth more cleere then ever shone.

Liber secundus Moſis dictus

E X O D U S.

37.

MOSES. ch. 1.

His cradle's made of rush, he layes his head
On Nile's proud backe; that is his feather-bed:
Had he not bin so lost, hee'd nere been found
If not cast out to drowning, had been drown'd.
Blest Babel all things conspire thy good: and chance
Out of thy danger works deliverance.

The

38 *The burning bush.* ch. 3. v. 3. & 4.

In midst of fire, and unconsumed yet !
 This doth a wonder in my minde beget.
 A fire of zeale this was made by heavens-art,
 Not to inflame the bush, but Moses heart.

39. PHARAOH. ch. 7.

For Pharaoh's pride against the LORD of Hostes
 An universall darknesse shades his coastes.
 A darknesse such as might be felt, a night
 That long usurped baffled Phoebus right,
 He yet continu'd obstinate (wee finde)
 The greatest darknesse then was in his minde.

THE TEN COMMANDEMENTS

Command. 1.

40. *Heare O ISRAEL. I am the LORD thy GOD &c.*

Israel, that GOD, who gave, requires thine eare
 He deignes to speake; and shouldst not thou, to heare!
 So heare as after hearing to fulfill
 The holy tenour of his heav'nly will : (praies,
 Who hopes that GOD should heare him, when he
 Attend what GOD, attend what justice sayes.
 Should we so ill requitall to him make,
 Who fore all other people did us take?

To

To take a god'fore him : place him behind
 The fancy'd *Idols* of our *idle* minde :
 We have created gods indeed below
 To whome obedience, honour, love we owe.
 Whome would we see rightly to serve ; O let
 Them fore our eyes, but G o d fore them be set!

Command. 2.

*Thou shalt not make to thy self any graven
 Images. &c.*

41.

Whilst to Bulls, Dogs, and Cats th'Egyptians bowe
 They an egregious Hieroglyphick shoue
 Of vaine Idolatry : but little more
 Of reason then those Animals they adore.
 For why should Man into whose soule his maker
 Hath heavenly light infus'd, and made partaker
 Of his own image, worship things that are
 Inferiour to himself in worth so farre :
 Or worship God by Proxy : dare to sett
 Of what we never saw, the counterfett :
 If gainst this we a remedy would finde ;
 Conserve these precepts *graven* in our minde.

Command. 3.

*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy
 God in vaine &c.*

42.

Thou hurtst God's name with vaine, and idle chat
 But Foole thou hurt'st thy self far more then that :

Thy

Exord.

Thy words are wind, but when great God doth speak
Thou'lt find he silence can in thunder break.

43.

Alind.

Is God thy fellow that thou still
Dost take his holy name at will ?
The word that fram'd thee thou dost mock
And makest it thy laughing-stock.
Thou oft invokest God to heare:
Take heed, too soon hee'l lend an eare.

Command. 4.

44. *Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day &c.*

'Tis hard if out of heaven we can't afford
One day to be kept holy to the Lord:
Rest then from Labour and blesse him, that we
In sixe dayes toyle of him may blessed be.
This Sabbath sanctifie: an earnest 'tis
Of that eternall one of heav'nly blisse.
Bestow some hours in pious meditation
(Though we work not) on Gods work, the creation:
And if to that grand secret we would climbe
Of our Redemption, O redeeme this time! (will,
What though the day be chang'd, as 'twas heaven's
Keep our devotion on'r unchanged still.

Com.

Command. 5.

45. *Honour thy Father, and thy Mother &c.*

Honour thy parents, and obey
What they, and what God here doth say.
To them observant if thou be,
And honour'st them, others will thee.
Long life is promis'd a reward
For those who this command regard,
A long life shall on earth be given,
A longer afterwards in heaven.

46. *Alind.*

Honour and love thy father naturall,
Politique, and Ecclesiasticall:
For, in so doing, all may clearly know
Whether thou truly honorest God or no.
Nature's laws charge the first, which who resists
Is of the rank of rankest *naturalists*:
Th'other's enjoyn'd us by civility,
And that imp'd with a smack of policy: (showne;
The third, which teacheth, why this should be
T'all three's the summe of all religion.

Com.

Command. 6.

47.

Thou shalt doe no murther.

Murther's so foul a crime, 't may not be wrought
 By us *indeed* in deed, in word, or thought.
 To boyle with anger is manslaughter, nay
 We shall for grudgings be arraign'd one day.
 Of murth'ring there be many peices mo (blow.
 Then death which comes by murth'ring piece's

48.

Command. 7.

Thou shalt not Commit Adulterie.

O have a care and bridle each ill thought
 Which this command may violate; let nought
 That is but unbeseeming be in thee
 Do thou avoyd all wanton company.
 Let not thy love be firmly fixt upon
 Her, that's another mans and not thine owne.
 Yet on Christ's spouse the Church fixe thy firme love
 Although her proper husband be above.

Command. 8.

49.

Thou shalt not Steale.

We are forbid to steale, and if we do;
 In hell we shall be punisht, and here too.

Whilst

Whilst (though we work in darknesse like the mole,
And steal) another steals from us our soul.

2 11 Command. 9.

50. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against
thy neighbour.*

God is the Father of all truth ; but lies
Are onely wicked Satan's properties.
If thou then must *bear* witness, don't through fear
Speak false, God will not with a liar bear.

3 Command. 10.

51. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbours
house, &c.*

This last, and least of Gods commandments lies
In order next, which we ought not despise.
Howe're : if ought we would contemn, begin
With detestation to despise this sinne
Of coveting what's not our own ; yet still
Covet what's not our own, to have like will
With our Divine Creatour, that were rather
To keep, then break, the Law of him our Father.
What should I covet, poor babe, under age ?
But Christ my elder brother's heritage ;
That, and his love, I prize all things before,
And covet I may covet nothing more.

The third book of MOSES called

LEVITICUS.

52. *The fire shall be ever burning, &c.* ch. 6. v. 13.

THe Priest, lest holy fire should decay,
Duly, each morn, did on it fuell lay:
So, lest our fire of zeal should die, 'tis fit
Our prayers each morning give new life to it.
Whilst we this flame foment, we need not doubt
But that the fire of Gods wrath will go out;
This on the Altar of our hearts being kept,
God us and our peace-offering will accept.

53. *NADAB and ABIHU burnt.* ch. 10.

Your minds were *kindled* with a *strange* desire
Of offering *incense* with as *strange* a fire:
This 'twas, *incens'd* Gods anger, made you wish
You had been *strangers* to such deeds as this.
Fire, sent from God, your death, and ruine was,
Made heavenly martyrs, though not for heav'n
Whilst these unsanctified flames you bring; (cause)
Your selves are turn'd to a *burnt-offering*.
Sinne-offering you were none, since no expence
Of sacred fire could expiate your offence:
Yet a *sinne-offering* too you were, for in
Your *offering* there was nothing else but *sinne*:
Had you one *spark* of grace, then had not heaven
Needed *et*hereall fire thus to have given.

God

God gave you what you offer'd him, 'twas fit
For offering such a trespass to commit.

54. SHELOMITHS sonne, blaspheming, is stoned,
chap. 24.

Thou'rt ston'd blasphemer, and 'twas thy desert,
Just punishment for such a stony heart ;
That curse thou dartedst up at Heav'n, fell down
Heavy (as is stones nature) on thy crown :
Thy Sire was an Egyptian, which made thee
In th' holy language no more skil'd to be.

55. The yeare of JUBILEE. ch. 25.

Blest year of rest which was, as we may say,
Through all its course a lasting holy-day.
Whose priviledge of rest did so abound,
That 'mongst the rest it priviledg'd the ground ;
No crooked plough could now the leave obtain
To make her furrow up her face for pain :
Now Lands revolve to their right Lord : each skore
Of debt, and tears were wip'd off from the poor.
Blest yeare, more blest, if gratefull they had been,
And made this year their resting year from sinne.

56. *For unto me the children of ISRAEL, &c.*
ch. 27. verse the last.

Lord, 'tis confess we are thy servants, so
 Are glorious Angels, farre our Betters, too.
 But (might a servant say't without offence)
 We'd be thy servants in a stricter sence.
 Wouldst thou us manumize from bondage then,
 As Denizons of new Jerusalem;
 Or by adoption make us thine, this done,
 Each shall thy servant be although thy sonne.

The fourth book of MOSES called
N U M B E R S.

56. *The ISRAELITE gathering sticks on the*
Sabbath day stoned. ch. 15.

WHy didst thou break his precept, who doth say
 Abstain from labour on the Sabbath day?
 These sticks fend thee to Styx, fool make thy mone.
 Thus looking for a stick, thou'lt got the stone.

58. *The Rebellion of KORAH, DATHAN, and*
ABIRAM. ch. 16.

Thus clog'd with sinne it was impossible
 But such a weight should sink them down to hell.

A crime so foul that lest it should be spide,
 The earth did it within her entrails hide;
 She could not sure, but breed herself disquiet,
 Clogging her stomach with such lothsome diet.
 Thus they were taken in their proper gin,
 They digg'd a pit, and fell themselves therein:
 When thus you op'd your mouths, dire murmurers,
 What marvell was't, the Earth so open'd hers?

59. AARON'S *rod budding*. ch. 17.

That Aaron's rod should blossome, shews that God
 Would that the house of Levi still should bud
 And flourish; what a wonder's here? O see,
 A wither'd branch becomes a fruitfull tree!
 But still a *rod*, that if we bear no fruit,
 The *rod* of chastisement may force us to't.
 Yet Almonds are poor fruit, I wish that mine,
 Were not of them, but rather of the Vine.

60. AARON'S *death*. ch. 20.

Thou now great priest approaching to thy death,
 Dost first resigne thy office, then thy breath;
 Here thou ascend'st a mount, whence thy soul will
 Take her ripe flight unto the heavenly hill;
 Thou leav'st thy people now, yet leav'st them so,
 That thou art gather'd to thy people too.

61. *The brazen Serpent.* ch. 21.

That through Gods power virtue in this *brasse* lay,
 None is so impudent that dare gain say.
 No cordiall nor yet *simple*, 'twould appear,
 To humane sense, a *simple* med'cine here:
 Wondrous ! yet wondrous easie to apply
 Such precious salve ith' twinkling of an eye.

62. *Balaams Asse.* ch. 22.

Heaven gives a tongue and mind, the Asse 'gins break
 Her silence, and hath now a *mind* to speak.
 Her master, and his pride, no longer *bears*,
 Though she his asse had been so many years.
 She saw the Angell, and with terroure led,
 Fell down upon the ground and worshipped.
 Had Balaam known in what a case he was,
 And done like her, he had not play'd the asse:

63. *Defile not the Land, &c.* ch. 35.

Do not defile our land, and mak't an hell,
 With sins, wherein heavens God is pleas'd to dwell
 But when that is defil'd, lest he depart,
 Be sure keep one place pure, and that's thy heart.

The fifth book of MOSES called
DEUTERONOMY.

64. *Thou shalt not plough with an ox and an asse together.*

ch. 22. v. 10.

PReposterous fin! what reason canst thou find,
That thou, what nature would not, wouldst have
joyn'd?

Must the poor asse, for all past pains, at length
Be match'd thus with a beast above his strength?
Although for humane cause desist thou wouldst not
O joyn them not, 'cause God enjoyns thou shouldst
not.

65. *Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the
corn.* ch. 25. v. 4.

Before he took pains for thee at the plough,
And though he eat, why yet he labours now:
'Tis fit that he, with whose help thou dost sow,
Should eat the fruit, of what he toild for, too.
Thou'lt say, as he treads out he eats, 'tis true,
Yet as he eats, he sweats, and give him's due:
Why dost thou muzzle up his mouth? heav'n hears
His dumbe complaints, thou canst not stop heav'n's
But wilt thou tie his chaps up yet (accurst?) (carts:
Tie up his legs withall, and do thy worst.

66. Joshua encouraged. ch. 31.

Joshua in Moses stead, by Gods command,
 Was to guide Israel to the promis'd land:
 Moses now ready to *depart* doth make him,
 This promise, that God never should *for sake* him.
 God would *go up* before him, were't not so,
 Both he and Israel *down* the wind would go:
 He'd be their Captains Captain, can they misse
 To conquer Earth, whose Captain Heaven is?
Beforehand God goes up, the cause we see,
 That Israel never might *behind hand* be.

67. The Israelites freed by Moses. ch. 34.

He led Gods chosen from proud Pharaohs Land,
 By miracles, and an outstretched hand
 Through the red sea and Wildernesse of Sin
 To th' confines of the promis'd land did bring;
 Where having left his charge with Joshua,
 He went before hand to prepare their way.

68. Moses his death. ch. 34.

Moses, who whilst he liv'd, a blessing still
 Had been, leaves *blessings* as his dying will;
 Whose corps left Israel should prize too *high*,
 And so *fall* into flat Idolatry;
 God himself *buried*: Where, 's unknown to men,
 In silence *bury* all such questions then.

25

The book of JOSHUAH.

69. RAHAB *preserving the two spies.* ch. 2. v. 15.

IN saving them she sav'd herself, who by
Her craft so hid the *spies*, none could them *spie*;
And though an harlot, yet in this did well,
Proving a *common* friend to Israël.
Down by a *cord* she let them, which did move
Their hearts, and drew them with a *cord* of love.

70. *Bind this line of scarlet thread in the window.*
ch. 2. v. 18.

Great Joshuah dare not siege 'gainst this house lay,
Where Rahab doth her bloody flagge display.

71. *Jordan dried up.* ch. 3.

Where Joshuah goes, the Ark must go before,
An Ark must save part of mankind once more.
Jordan, though he o'reflows his banks; for fear
Retires, seeing the fiery pillar near.
The billows, from above, of leave debarr'd
'T' run down, here rev'rently keep court of guard:
The waves below, seeing no succour nigh,
Streight shrink away, and leave their channel dry:
O wonder! which, who looks on, sees more clear
Then Jordans chrystall waters do appear;
For they are *troubled*, and yet *glad* that so
Israël might o're them without *trouble* go.

And

71. *And* JOSHUAH *set up twelve stones in the midst of* JORDAN. ch. 4. v. 9.

Twelve stones are fix'd, whereby, at once, are shew'd
Gods mercy and their humble gratitude.
Those monuments may fail, in my mind, though
The thought of this shall ever freshly flow.

73. *An Angel appears to* JOSHUAH. ch. 5. v. 13.

Now Angels meat 'gan cease, though Manna fell
No more, yet Angels selves aid Israel ; (fear
And when they *draw* their swords, there's cause to
(Or rather, hope) that th' Heathens fall *draws* near.

74. JOSHUAH. ch. 6.

Kings conquer'd were by his victorious hand,
The dayes bright Carman staid at his command :
*A*y's lofty towers, for *aye*, to wrack did go ;
He with an engine beat down Jericho.
No *iron-horn'd-ram*'t was, but the meer sound
Of *rams-horns* raz'd its walls unto the ground :
These ruines lift his name unto the skie,
Those horns resound his praise continually.

75. *A*CHANS wedge. ch. 7.

Accursed wretch, who by th' accursed thing,
A generall curse on Israel didst bring ;

And

And almost on its *generall*: Ay could strike
 Isra'l, when thou with hell hadst done the like:
 Hadst *struck* a bargain, wherein thou didst prove
 So fast *wedg'd in* with filthy lucre's love,
 Yet *loose* in thy desires, burying thy self
 Ill got, not getting buriall for thy self.
 If buried, yet alive, a heap of stones
 Reward thine avarice, not precious obes.
 Two hundred shekles ! a sufficient bait ;
 But they're not of the *Sanctuary weight*:
 That thou for them shouldst hazard life, it was
 In my opinion *too light* a cause.
 Wast thou an Isra'lite, and couldst so dote
 To covet thus a *Babylonish* coat ?
 Thou hast what thou desir'st, and more; for, see
 How *Babels* ruines, wretch, are fell on thee.

76. *The Sunne standing Still.* ch. 10.

Why this unusuall Solstice made the Sunne ?
 That with his speed great Ioshuah might runne.

77. *Be ye the children of light.* chap. 10.

Sunne stand thou still, thus Ioshua said ; the Sunne
 Amaz'd forgot's diurnall race to runne :
 He truly is a child of light, whose faith
 So great an influence o're Lights emp'rou hath.

The book of JUDGES.

78. JAHIL *killing* SISERA. ch. 4. v. 21.

THou woman Worthy, who shall aye rehearse
 Thy act heroick in heroick verse?
 For nailing that proud Pagan's temples down,
 Thy temples do deserve a laurell crown.

79. GIDEONS *fleece*. ch. 6.

The fleece was wet, and yet no dew was found
 Upon the ground:
 The ground was wet, and yet the fleece did lie
 Upon it dry.
 Dry! 'twas a miracle, but when dew fell,
 O then it fatnesse drop'd on Israel.

80. *Alind*, ch. 6.

Admire the golden sheep-skin, youths of Greece.
 I find more wonder farre in Gideons fleece.

81. GIDEONS *stratagem*. ch. 7.

How great, how glorious a conquest came,
 From sound of trumpets and of Gideons name!
 Those lamps in Israels darkest, gloomiest night,
 Were those, that shone, and usher'd in the light.
 The Midianites, though ten and more to one,
 By *pitchers*, not *pitch* fight, were overthrown.

82. *A woman kills* ABIMELECH. ch. 9.

Great warrior, who so oft hast vanquished
 Strong men, shall a weak woman break thy head:
 Well I'll excuse the matter as 'twas done;
 Thou diedst not of her hand but of the stone.

83. JEPHTHAH. ch. 11.

To vow, methinks, it was too rash a thing,
 But more to offer such an offering:
 With blood thy vow and country thus to free,
 For which thy daughter's not much bound to thee.

84. SAMSON. ch. 11.

Samson o'recome by her, whose arms entwine
 About thee, not by th' arms oth' Philistine:
 Shee blinded thee before, no wonder then,
 That they could bind, and blind thee o're again.

85. *Alind.* chap. 11.

Strong Samson dallying with his Dalilah,
 Confessed to her where his power lay.
 She treach'rously rob'd him of that, and then
 He differ'd not an hair from other men.

86. R U T H.

Ruth with malignant fortune long opprest,
At last with honour, wealth, and husband blest:
Freed from her wandring troubles and annoy,
And yet she's *Ruth*-full now (I mean) of joy.

87. Boaz his kindnesse to Ruth. ch. 2.

Boaz to Ruth a stranger, kind ! O know
What kindnesse God to her in that did show.
So well she *husbanded* this kindnesse ; from
Her seed the Prince of peace in time did come,
Springing from her in *direct line* ; yet is
To us the *centre* of eternall blisse.

The first book of SAMUEL.

88. SAMUEL. ch. 3.

From's infancy in Gods house made abode :
God called him, ere he could call on God.

89. S A U L. ch. 10.

Fortune to thee, O sonne of Kish, was kind,
Who looking for an asse a crown didst find.

DAVID.

DAVID. ch. 16.

Blest David, blest abroad, and blest at home;
 Blest in the seed that from thy loyns did come:
 But blest 'bove all in thy harps harmonic,
 Which with thy minds rare temper did agree;
 Whose tunes instruct the warbling orbs to sing
 Their Hallelujahs to their heavenly King.

91. DAVID *slaying* GOLIAH. ch. 18.

A bold attempt it was and venturous
 To offer to *affront* a Giant thus
 With a poor sling: this act of valour, when
 Thou didst, thou tookst time by the *foretop* then.

92. IONATHAN. ch. 18.

Of all Sauls issue, Jonathan alone
 Merits high praise and commendation;
 Who did, with all he had, to's girdle, part,
 And t' d that zone of love 'bout Davids heart,
 Which with a knot of friendship he did ty
 So fast as lasts unto eternity.

93. SAUL *enquireth of a witch at* ENDOR. ch. 18.

Had Saul live Samuels counsel followed,
 He never would have sought him being dead.

32
The second book of SAMUEL.

94. BATHSHEBA. ch. 11.

Thy *bathing* thee, to *cool* thy self, did prove
The way to set David *on fire* in love.

95. ABSALOM. ch. 14.

Thy hair, O Absalom, the Scriptures said,
Two hundred shekells every year it *weigh'd*: (dear,
These locks, young-man, which now thou holdest so
Will *weigh* no less than thy lifes price I fear.

96. AHITHOPHEL. ch. 17.

Too wise a statesman, curst Achitophel,
Whose every word was thought an oracle.
'Twas not the wisest part thou ere didst play,
To rid thy self, a traitour, out oth' way.

97. ABSALOM *hanged on a tree*. ch. 18. v. 9.

Promotion on the throne, Absalom, that
The chiefest thing was which thou aimedst at,
Promotion, 'cause thou wilt, thou shalt, 't must be,
Not on thy fathers throne though, but a tree;
Which tree of all the trees that ever were,
Then bore the basest fruit when thou hung'st there.

DAVID

98. DAVID *weeps* for ASSALON. ch. 18. the last v.

What aileth holy Davids grief to rise?
 Look how the tears runne trickling down his eyes.
 'Tis for his sonne, his dearest sonne, alas!
 Which lately 'gainst him in rebellion was.
 His death so much he wails not, as 'cause he
 Liv'd not t'repent him of his treachery.

99. JOAB *killeth* AMAZA. ch. 20.

What fiend, foul Traitor, thy fell heart did move
 To make thy malice in a seeming love?
 O basenesse! (with a complement to do't)
 To take him by *the beard*, but mean *the throat*!

The first book of KINGS.

100. SOLOMONS *choice*. ch. 3. v. 9.

Riches and honour, Power and Majesty
 Were offer'd, Heav'n blest Solomon, to thee.
 Wisdome was offer'd too amongst the rest,
 Which thou prefer'dst, as of all gifts the best:
 That thou wert wise before, this wise choice shows,
 Else thou hadst never known so to have chose.

101. *The two harlots.* ch. 3. v. 16. .8c

Wiseſt of Kings, who hear'ſt two harlots plead,
 Both challenging the live child, not the dead:
 How wilt thou find its mother! wilt thou go
 To part the living babe, and kill that too?
 The true one ſooner with her own will part,
 Then have it parted, which would kill her heart.
 By the remorseſſe answer of the other (ther.
 Thou cam'ſt to know which is, which not, the Mo-
 'Twas wiſdome that, but 't had been greater rather,
 Couldſt thou have then found out the child's true Fa-
 (ther.

101. SOLOMON. ch. 3.

What doth thy wiſdome boot thee, Solomon?
 Thou'lt find it but an earths vexation;
 Except thou know'ſt thy ſelf naked and poor, (more.
 Thou'lt know thart not ſo wiſe, who know'ſt no

103. *The Queen of SHEBA.* ch. 10.

Fair Queen, thy coming is an honeſt ſtealth;
 Thou tak'ſt more wiſdome, then thou leaveſt wealth

104. REHOBAM. ch. 12. v. 8.

Unlike his father Rehoboam makes
 Youths of his counſell, and old age forſakes;

He goes about with sharp replies, not mild
 Perswasions, to qualifie the wild
 Upstarts: how he could think to guide his Realme
 That drove his boar against the common stream!

105. *Allud.* ch. 12.

Fond Rehoboam, hadst thou serv'd one day
 The people, they had served thee for aye.
 They now crown Jeroboam with applause,
 Yet serve thee: how? truly in thine own sance.

106. JEROBOAM. ch. 12. v. the last.

By goodly words and sly insinuation
 He reined in, and reigned o're a nation:
 Whom God had promis'd, if he would persevere
 In righteousness, his seed should rule for ever;
 But having Golden calves for true Gods plac'd,
 His race extirp'd, he prov'd the calf at last.

107. *The Prophet slain.* ch. 13.

Hadst thou but list'ned to Gods word aright,
 Thou need'st not, fearing him, fear lions might.
 Thy beast did scape, but thou wert slain, alas!
 Perchance the lion took thee for the ass.

108. JEROBAM'S wife, *ch. 14.*

Why didst thou come disguis'd : dissembledst too
 Thy voyce, and thought to gull the prophet so ;
 His mind is clear, though blind his eye-sight be,
 Could he thy child's fate know, and not know thee ?

109. ELISHA. *ch. 17.*

Ravens preserv'd thy life with food, I reade,
 Who others with the bread of life didst feed.

110. BAAL'S priests and ELISHA. *ch. 18.*

Baal louder, Baal doth his friends forget,
 He's sthick of hearing sure ; baal louder yet,
 Perchance his Godhead now a nap doth take,
 And being drowfie, 's somewhat loth to wake.
 He's gone a journey, pray him take the pain
 To spur his steed, and ride home *post* again:
 Or, 'midst the groans of dying enemies,
 Perchance, he cannot hear your feeble cries.
 All done, yet nothing done, their flesh they tear
 And cut ; yet sullen Baal will not hear:
 But at Elisha's pray'r, is forthwith given
 Fire to consume his sacrifice from heaven :
 Then for these Priests, who spilt some blood in jest,
 The prophet in good earnest spilt the rest.

III. AMAS. ch. 22.

Thou art forbid expressly; art thou mad,
 Yet to go up to Ramoth-Gilead?
 Dismount quick from thy chariot again,
 Perchance thou mai'st, perchance thou shalt, be slain.
 Why, sold to wickedness, dost thou go forth?
 The devil's a chapman for that pennyworth:
 Thou gonst disguiz'd for fear of being known,
 But, to thy cost, thou'lt know, he knows his own.

The second book of KING S.

112. ELISHA *translat.* ch. 2.

Vhen thou in fiery carr wert drawn to th' sky,
 Thy mantle dropt from thee immediately,
 To shew that when we seek heav'n in our mind,
 We ought to leave all earthly things behind.

113. *Alind.* ch. 2.

Good Prophet, almost with thy latest breath,
 Thy soul thou to Elisha didst bequeath:
 Thy body wond'rously to heaven doth go,
 More wondrously thy soul did stay below.

114. ELISHA *increaseth the widows oyl.* ch. 4.

The oyl pour'd out caus'd this poor widows sadnesse;
 But thus pour'd out, it prov'd the oyl of gladnesse:
 Bring me, she said, another bottle, boy.
 There's none: she next will fill her heart with joy.

115. *Alind.* ch. 4.

The widow put small trust in God, ere while,
 But as her faith increas'd so did her oyl.

116. *Death in the pot.* ch. 4.

They say life's sweet, nor do they say amisse;
 Hence comes to passe that death so bitter is:
 Elisha flung in meal; for had he not,
 They all were likely to have gone to pot.

117. NAAMAN'S *leprosie.* ch. 5. v. 10.

Wash in no other but in Iordans floud,
 'Tis *holy water* that must do thee good.

118. GEHAZI. ch. 5. v. 26.

Went not my heart with thee, (Elisha said)
 When Naaman with presents did thee lade
 O no, thou righteous prophet, say not so,
Thy heart did not along with that deed go.
 While innocence is gone, but in its room
 A direfull *white* of leprosie is come.

119. *The Syrians struck with blindness.* ch. 6.

In vain; O Syrian, dost thou counsel take,
Elisha frustrate thy device doth make.
If thou thy secrets shouldst to none impart,
He'd fetch them from thy *secret* chest, thy heart:
Nor fears he whom thou sendest him to kill;
Horsemen, and fiery chariots guard him still;
And now their eyes he doth not onely blind,
But ev'n infatuates their very mind,
Strikes them with blindness doubly, leads them on
To death, yet saves them from destruction.
Ioram would smite them; he bids smite no more
With blindness, they were smote enough before.
A banquet, lastly, he prepares for them,
Who had prepar'd a bloody one for him.

120. *IZABEL.* ch. 9.

Proud painted creatures see, and wonder at
This *Queen*, this *Queen*, by dogs dogg'd to her fate;
She, who but late in rich attire was found,
Now lies a prey for mastives on the ground;
Although she went most richly cloth'd in all
Her jewells, *pride* at last would have a fall;
Her carrion stinks now unperfum'd by art;
Now, Iezabel, thou in thy colours art.

121. *ANNAS seventy sonnes.* ch. 10. v. 7.

Ahab, thou hast a numerous seed,
But all before their time must bleed.
How in a moment all are gone!
Their blood cementing Iehu's throne.

122. BAALS priests slain. ch. 10. 25.

So, near-spent candles give a blaze before
 Their snuffs extinguish'd, and they shine no more:
 When Iehu dignifies the priests of Baal;
 I fear this pomp is for their funerall.
 The offering to make ready, each one hies;
 Poor fools your selves must be the sacrifice.

123. JOASH hid in the house of God. ch. 11. 13.

O happy receptacle! happy he,
 Who hid secure ith' house of God could be!
 But O more happy Joash, had the God
 Of that house, in thy hearts house made abode!

124. HEZEKIAH. ch. 20.

Good Hezekiah, sick almost to death,
 His life for fifteen years prolonged hath:
 The signe whereof upon a diall made,
 The Sunne fifteen degrees went retrograde.
 Unthankfull he, in his hearts diall, so
 The Sunne of righteousness did backward go.

125. IOSIAH. ch. 23.

Iosiah the high places down did throw,
 And meekly his own heart did lay as low.

126. ZADOKIAH, ch. 27.

All things concur, O king, to ruine thee:
 First thy rebellion, next thy perjury:
 O, if thou Jeremics advice hadst took,
 To bear, perchance thou hadst shook off, the yoke,
 Thou saw'st thy children slain; new miseries!
 To see that object ere thou lost thine eyes.

The first book of **CHRONICLES.**

127. DAVIDS servants shav'd by HANUN, ch. 12.

MUst thus Embassadors rewarded be?
 You shavers, bearded thus despitefully;
 To receive Legats you not worthy are;
 Expect now Heralds to denounce a warre.

128. *The Giant slain by Jonathan:* ch. 20.

Defying Israel, thou soon shalt feel
 The edge of Jonathans revengefull steel,
 Not that so monstrous bulk his force withstands;
 Though thou thy self a man art of thy hands;
 Six fingers, and sixtoes: and yet th' art dead,
 Thy stiddy feet have stood thee in small stead.

129. DAVIDS choice. ch. 21. v. 12.

Sword, famine, pestilence! hard choice, yet one
 O'th' three thou hast in thy election,
 Choose quickly then, since thou must fall, it stands
 Thee in some stead to fall into Gods hands:
 By numbring Israel what didst thou get?
 Since that's the way but to diminish it.
 The Angel stretcheth out his hand, but 'ris
 In vain, now David 'gins to stretch out his.
 Blest Nunrius, hold, a fume t' ascend begins,
 Which drives away both stench of plague and finnes.

The second book of CHRONICLES.

130. SOLOMONS prayer at the dedication of the temple. ch. 6. v. 13.

THe temple by a pray'r is consecrated,
 To which sole use 'twas to be dedicated:
 Who, by Heavens wilddome, knew this house to rear,
 Knew, the main column of it must be pray'r.

131. ASA. ch. 15.

To the Pyficians thou did'st trust, I find
 The greatest sicknesse then was of thy mind.

132. JERO-

132. JHOSHAPHAT, ch. 18.

If thou with Ahab needs wilt partner go,
 Look with his pleasure to partake his wo.
 Ahab and thou to mask your selves combin'd,
 He to disguise his body, thou thy mind.

133. MANASSAH, ch. 33.

In thy prosperity, perversly, thou
 Did'st follow other gods, forsook'st the true:
 Dealt'st with *familiar spirits*; but, brought low
 By miseries, thy heart was humbled too.
 Thou from thy kingdome, and thy God wast gone.
 Return'st to God, return'st unto thy throne;
 Yet with a *spirit* now thou deal'st, I ghesse,
 Not of the devil, but of *righteousnesse*.

The book of EZRA.

134. The dedication of the second temple. ch. 3. v. 12.

TWO different effects arise and flow
 From the same cause, both joy and sorrow too,
 'Tis hard to judge, whether the oyl of gladnesse
 Repells, or is repell'd, by th' stream of sadnesse:
 Both torments strive, but the old's limping course
 At last is drowned by this fresher source.
 Ancient, and young, to th' temples consecration
 Contribute: those give cries, these acclamation.

The

The book of NEHEMIAH.

135. *And their children spake half in the language of
Assured. ch. 13. v. 24.*

Mixing with forraign nations, you shall so
Be made partakers of their fortune too,
How should they speak pure Hebrew, when they had
Their first originall so impure and bad?
Their mothers nurtur'd them, and who's among
Children, that sucks not in his Mothers tongue?
Whilst thus you match with nations Orientall,
Your righteousness is in the Occidentall.

The book of ESTHER.

136. *Queen VASHTI. ch. 1.*

King Ahasuerus sent for's beauteous Queen,
That she of all his Nobles might be seen.
Why Vashri wouldst not come? wast pride, or fear,
Thou shouldst not beauteous in their eyes appear.
Do not expect from him a second call;
The next thou hear'st; Thou must not come at all.

137. *ESTHER. ch. 3.*

Esther elected in Queen Vashri's place,
Obtained both with King and people grace.

The

The golden sceptre was held forth t' assure
 Her, that her sues his favour should procure:
 Good God, when I approach thy throne, hold thou
 Thy mercies golden sceptre forth, and bow
 Thine ear to my requests: protect me still,
 And let no *man*, no *Haman* work me ill.

138. *HAMAN and MORDECAI. ch. 7. v. 10.*

Haman, th' art but a *man*, why then dost thou
 Grudge that the Jew unto thee doth not bow?
 Thou cover'st to be higher made than he,
 Thou shalt, but, *Haman*, how: upon a tree.

The book of JOB.

139. *JOB: patience.*

HIs cattel stoll'n, goods spoil'd, and children slain;
 Yet after all *Job's* patience did remain:
 On each part of his body sores you'll find,
 But not a spot of sinne did taint his mind;
 So that the tempter's self was tired more,
 With tort'ring, then he who the tortures bore.

The

46
The book of PSALMES.

140. *The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.*
Psal. 111.

DId little children Christs-crosse truly know,
They quickly would be taught the rest oth' row.
Had we but gain'd this fear, we need not fear
To gain all knowledge, worth our knowledge here.

141. *I have thought upon thy name in the night-season.*
Psal. 119. v. 7. oct. 7.

When others quiet rest did take;
Tossing in my bed lay I,
Nor would I let heav'n rest to take,
Till heaven eas'd my misery.
At last such beams of grace did on me light,
As made a sunshine in the midst of night.

142. *At midnight will I rise to give thanks unto thee.*
Psal. 119. v. 6. oct. 8.

Itb' deadeft time oth' night I'll rise and say
My oraifons, then down in peace me lay.
By pray'r, and faith, I hope 'bove ftars to bide,
And ftarres can onely in the night be fpide.

143. *Behold*

143. Behold how good and joyfull a thing it is, brethren
to dwell together in unity. Psal. 133. v. 1.

God to send blessings down will never cease,
On such who live in amity and peace:
But O, what other blessing can there prove
A greater blessing unto love, then love!

144. But mine eyes look unto thee. Psal. 141. v. 9.

All worldly thoughts, forsake my brest, away;
Since worldly pleasures, like the world, decay:
At somewhat higher my soul aims; her birth
She had from heaven, why should she stoop to earth:
What worthier object can our fancy find,
Then to contemplate him who gave the mind:
But why, ambitiously, seek I to climb,
And see what no eye saw at any time!
Lord, give me faith, then by the eye of grace
I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

The PROVERBS of SOLOMON.

145. Chap. 1. v. 1.

When we for prudence would praise any one,
We say he is as wise as Solomon:
He who alive so many proverbs said,
Is after death himself a proverb made.

146. Chap.

146. *Cast in thy lot among us, &c. ch. 1. v. 14.*
 Come, let's have all one purse, be joviall still,
 Let's live in common, have the world at will.
 No, no: my lot 'mongst yours shall never fall,
 T' have all one purse, is to have none at all.

147. *Enter not into the pacts, &c. ch. 4. v. 14.*

It is a fair broad way, plain, plausible,
 But yet beware, it is the way to hell,
 Although't be strow'd with roses altogether,
 I'll none on's: for it stinks of brimstone hither.

148. *Let a little sleep, a little slumber. ch. 6. v. 10.*

A little slumber more the sluggard cries,
 I'll take t'other od nap, and then I'll rise,
 Good 'las the weather's very cold indeed,
 For certain I am glew'd unto my bed:
 Thus trifles out his time, till poverty
 Catch him, and 's belly in his face doth fly:
 Go to the Ant, consider her, why lo:
 The sluggard will not take the pains to go.

149. *Keep my commandments and live:*

Keep Gods commandments sure, and live thereby,
 His precepts as the apple of thine eye.
 Observe his laws, thou canst not choose but thrive,
 Since his commandments do command to live.

150. *Say*

130. *Say unto wisdom thou art my Sister.*

ch. 7. v. 4.

Since thou this charge, wise King, on me dost lay,
Wisdom, thou art my Sister, I will say;
But O! I fear, that so unlike we be,
She'll not be such a fool t'acknowledge me.

151. *Doth not wisdom cry? &c. ch. 8. v. 1.*

Wisdom about the streets doth crying come,
To see if any one will take her home.
O use her gently, do not with her part,
But lock her in the bottom of thy heart:
She cries, and cries to think, that all reject her;
I'm sure there's none, but fools, who will neglect her.

152. *I love them who love me. ch. 8. v. 17.*

I know 'tis wisdom t' love them who love me;
To love mine enemy 'tis piety.

153. *And those who seek, &c. ch. 8. v. 17.*

Wisdom requires, who would her suitors be
Must seek her even from their infancy:
She woos us t' woo her early; if we do,
We shall be certain to wed her, not woo.

D

154. *Wisdom*

154. *Wisdom hath builded her house.* ch. 9. v. 1.

Wisdom hath built her house, and finish't it,
Made all her rooms, for Kings and Princes, fit.
The arts and sciences do beautifie
This Palace, make it stand perpetually :
Needs must it last, built in so wise a sort,
Whom sev'n so mighty columnes do support.

155. *Stoln waters are sweet.* ch. 9. v. 17.

Stoln things are like the book Ezekiel eat,
Which, to his palate, seem'd delicious meat ;
But swallow'd in his belly, out, alas
More bitter there, then ever sweet it was,
Let thieves beware, nor on stoln treasures dote ;
Though sweet it h' mouth, 'twill choke them in their
throat.

156. *It is a sport to a fool to do mischief.*

ch. 10. v. 23.

When wicked men do ill, as seems them best ;
They say, to mend the matter, 'twas in jest,
And not in earnest : well, I think not so,
I think it was not in *good* earnest though.

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ECCLESIASTES.

157. *In much wisdom there is much sorrow.*
ch. 1. v. 18.

I grieve me much to heare of this; can grief
Be got in getting wisdom? past belief!
And yet 'tis true: the more we know, the more
We grieve our knowledge doth no higher soar:
Wisdomes Arithmetick contains but one
Grand head, and that's *Multiplication*
Of sorrow: She and I, I see, must part;
What profit comes from such a *sorry* art?

158. *A good name is better then precious ointment.*
ch. 7. v. 1.

Give't others: let their curious nostrills dwell,
On precious ointments aromatick smell.
Besmear them with those liquid odours; me
Let out with those oyl'd arts, let no man see:
Let me a good name keep; better by farre,
In holy *good-man* is, then greater are.
The box of ointment broke, sends sweet'ft; but this,
Kept whole, most redolent and fragrant is.

159. *Truly the light is sweet.* ch. 11. v. 7.

Though Sols refulgent rayes dazle our sight,
Those beams are better then the shade of night:

For who but darknesse-children fancy it ?
 A time onely for Bats and Screech-owls fit.
 I'll look to th' funne, and looking may I be
 Exhal'd a meteor to heav'n as axle-tree.

160. *Remember thy Creatour.* ch. 12. v. 1.

In youthfull dayes do not forgetfull be
 Of God, who alwayes doth remember thee ;
 And though thy years be green, yet humbly bring
 Thy firstlings, make an Autumn in thy Spring :
 Thy spritefull bloud, as yet, is hot. O why
 Should zeal, amidst so great flames, frozen die !
 Think on thy Maker, husband well thy time :
 In the prime service, O bestow thy prime ;
 And thou who giv'st thy youth to God, wilt see,
 That God will likewise give oldage to thee.

161. *God shall bring every work into judgement.*
 ch. 12. v. 14.

God is the judge, who, at the last grand day,
 Shall the just guerdon of our labours pay :
 All works shall into light be brought, though none
 To light eternall, but good works alone.

SOLOMONS SONG, or CANTICLES.

162. *I am black, but comely.* ch. 1. v. 5.

Soul thou art black, yet Christ loves thee,
 Although nought lovely he can see.
 Though nought but what is naught there grows,
 He loves thee merely 'cause he does.
 It pleaseth now th' eternall dove,
 Not onely a white house to love.

163. *Look not upon me because I am black.* ch. 1. v. 6.

Because the sunne hath look'd upon thee, why
 To look on thee dost thou forbid mine eye?
 Those whom the Sunne of righteousness looks on,
 Though they are black now, shall be white anon.

164. *As the lillie among the thorns, &c.*
 ch. 2. v. 2.

As doth the lillie 'mongst the thorns; just so
 Doth my beloved 'midst the daughters shew:
 More truly, Lord, were this appli'd to thee,
 When hanging 'midst two thieves upon a tree.
 Thy self's the lillie, not now white, but red;
 And these the thorns are which embrace thy head.

165. *He brought me to the banqueting-house.* 102

ch. 2. v. 4.

He brought me to a summer house, and there
Did feast me with abundance of good chear;
Those dainties yet, did not to love me force,
Untill he serv'd his course, the second course.

166. *Comfort me with apples.* ch. 2. v. 5.

Art sick? of what disease? of love? O say,
What cordiall to thy love-sick heart wilt lay?
Think'st thou an apple will give thee relief?
Poor soul! an apple first did cause thy grief.

167. *Rise up my love, my fair one, &c.*

ch. 2. v. 10, 11, 12. &c.

Rise up my fair one, come away; for lo,
The winter's past, the spring her head doth show;
Let not fierce winter in thy chill heart stay,
I am thy Sun to thaw those frosts away.
The chanting birds do imitate the spheres;
But thy voice were more musick in my ears.
The sparrows in loves dialect do prate;
The turtles bill, then come to me thy mate:
The fig-tree puts forth her green fruits; O see!
They load their boughs; a fig for all but thee.
The vines about the elms do twine; just so
Let thou and I, in love, together grow.

Now

Now pressing time draws near, I'll vie a floud
Of purple with thee ; thy vine, and my bloud.

168. *He feedeth among the lillies.* ch. 2. v. 16.

True didst thou say, wise King, indeed,
That Christ doth 'mongst the lillies feed :
Christ loves a pure heart, white as snow,
Which yet with love of him must glow.

169. *I held him, and would not let him go.* ch. 3. v. 4.

Well done : hold fast my soul ; let him not go,
Nor think to be rid of thee so ;
But he'll descend to hell, my soul, I fear ;
Yet hell's no hell while he is there.

170. *His lips drop as the honey-combe.* ch. 4. v. 11.

If I a Bee could be (my dear)
I'd gather all my hony here.
Thy roseat lips my flow'rs I'd make,
And from them store of sweets would take ;
And when I full from them did part,
I'd store them in my hive, my heart.

171. *A garden inclos'd is my sister.* ch. 4. v. 12.

A garden, though inclos'd I be
To others, I am ope to thee :

A spring I am, shut up, what though ?
 My waters still to thee-ward flow ;
 A fountain lockt ? why Lord ? that's small ;
 The key of David opens all.

172. *I sleep, but my heart waketh.* ch. 5. v. 2.

Although my outward body sleep,
 My mind awake I alwayes keep ;
 Nor does my soul e're take a nap
 In dull securities soft lap :
 In expectation, whilst I waking wake,
 My soul a sweeter rest then sleep doth take.

173. *He gave me no answer.* ch. 5. v. 6.

He will not answer give when thy finnes cry,
 His love is prov'd in taciturnity.

174. *Tell my beloved I am sick of love.* ch. 5. v. 8.

Sick ! Sick ! yet sick of such a greif am I,
 I love the causer, and the malady ;
 Of which, were I not truly soul-sick, I
 Am sure, my sick-soul would for ever die.
 O wondrous sicknesse ! where the very grief,
 Is to it self sole-med'cine, soul-relief !

175. *What*

175. *What is thy beloved more then another. ch. 5. v. 9.*
 What is he & nay, what is he not? who's he
 Can be what my beloved is to me?
 Would you the sweetnesse of my lover prove?
 The onely way's, like me, to learn to love.

176. *His legs are like pillars of marble. ch. 5. v. 15.*

How aptly Christ is here a pillar said?
 On whom the weight of all the Church is laid.

177. *Aliud. ch. 5.*

Christ is a marble pillar; were not he,
 Our finnes would crush him down immediately.

178. *My dove, my undefiled, is but one. ch. 6. v. 9.*

Thy coat must have no seams, one Church must be
 Alone sav'd, Lord; and sav'd alone by thee.

179. *Many waters cannot quench love. ch. 8. v. 7.*

Love is a fire unquenchable; nor can
 It be extinguish'd by the art of man.
 What water can against this fire prevail?
 Tears are a water, and yet love's best oyl:
 Who hate this love, shall for their hatred pay,
 Their fire shall be unquench'd too, at last day.

179. *We*

180. *We have a little Sister, and she hath no breasts.*

ch. 8. v. 8.

We have a little Sister who can shew
No breasts, what shall our little Sister do?
This shall she do; if breasts her self have none,
Suck at my breasts of consolation.

ISAIAH.

181. *Therefore with joy shall ye draw.* ch. 12. v. 3.

TO draw, and draw with joy, implies; that, which
We toil for with such joy, shall make us rich.

182. *We have made a covenant with death.*

ch. 18. v. 15.

You've bid farewell to God; and poast to evil,
Shook hands with God, and struck hands with the
devil.

You're now cock-sure, you think, what e're ensue,
Of safety, and the devil's as sure of you:
Your bond shall be in force, after you die,
And bear a date, even to eternity;
And he, your all in all, into whose pow'r
You give up, shall be your Executour;
And Executer, O! this bargain, then,
Undo, or you your selves are undone men.

183. *Wo*

183. *Wo to the rebellious children.* ch. 30. v. 1.

A Father, and a God omniscient too;
 To whom but thee should they for counsel go?
 They mean to dive down into hell, I fear,
 And search the depth of dev'lish wisdom there.
 Wo to him who thinks hell a councill fit,
 Fit 'tis that they, who take, partake of it.

184. *And thine ear shall hear a voice behind thee.*

ch. 30. v. 31.

Hear'st not a voice cry out of heav'n and say,
 Sin-blinded wretch, th'art out of heavens way:
 Turn thee, O quickly turn, lest in a trice
 Thou headlong fall into a precipice.
 Direct thy steps to goodnesse, and that's even
 The plainest and directest way to heaven.

185. *Wo to them that go down to Egypt.* ch. 31. v. 1.

Wo, wo to them that have at Egypt staid,
 Look'd down to that, not up to God, for aid;
 Who in the speed of coursers their trust put,
 And rest secure within a Chariot.
 Are they so farre enthrall'd, with sinne, that faine
 They'd have th' Egyptian bondage too again?
 On Egypt staid! but God doth help deny,
 And then they may stay to Eternity,

Yet

Yet come farre short of hope; although they, to
Procure that hop'd, for succour farre do go:
On chariots they rely, but O 'twere well,
That those the *Chariots were of Israel.*

186. *I have blotted out as a thick cloud.* ch. 44. v. 22.

A fullen cloud of sinne our head hangs o're,
Which threats to break in judgement evermore;
Till with a vengeance falling it oppresse
The Land, and turn it to a wildernesse.
Black clouds! black deeds! yet these thick fogs of
The sunne of glory, rising, shall dispell. (hell)

187. *As one whom his Mother comforteth.*
ch. 66. v. 13.

O comfortable words! words which do prove,
The Mothers greater then the Fathers love;
Their tender babes they dandle on their knee,
And of his babes of grace, as tender's he.
O Quintessence of happinesse! if thus,
The Father through the Sonne, would comfort us,

J E R E M I A H.

188. *Moreover the word of the Lord.**ch. 1. v. 11.*

THis prophet scarce was call'd, when again, God
 Call'd to ask what he saw: an almond rod,
 By which 'twas signifi'd, how soon God will,
 The tenour of his sacred word fulfill:
 Blest Saint! so lately call'd, and yet to shooe
 Thus soon, in bringing forth such early fruit.

189. *Runne ye through the streets.* *ch. 5. v. 1.*

Runne through Jerusalem, and find, who can,
 (If there be one to find) a pious man:
 Runne through the turning wayes, and see if any
 Do turn his wayes to God among those many:
 Persist not in that ill, which to your ill
 Will prove: execute judgement, or God will.

190. *O that my head were waters!* *ch. 9. v. 1.*

A sweeping deluge now was coming on,
 Threatning a generall destruction.
 The prophet this o'reflowing judgement fears,
 And meets the tidings with a tide of tears;
 He wisheeth that his head, made water-rills,
 Might wail their finnes the head-spring of those ills.

The

The Seer hath *beheld* much miseries,
 That now for water he would change his eyes :
 His eyes, though water, could not vie that flood,
 Though blood-shed, not enough, bewails the blood.
 Crying to heav'n ; he could not drown the cry
 Their finnes made, therefore cries perpetually.

191. Who is me for my hurt, &c. ch. 10. v. 19.

Wo, wo ! for what ? thou hast a wound, and he
 Who gave that wound can give thee remedy :
 Then bear't with resolution ; let no grief
 Exceed thy patience, though't exceeds relief.

192. For mine eyes are upon all. ch. 16. v. 17.

Go seek, blind wretches, some blind hole, wherein
 You think you may with safety act your sinne :
 Grope 'midst Cymmerian darknesse, and commit
 Such crimes, as adde another night to it.
 Light, if you can, on such a dusky place, (face.
 Where light ne're came, where Sol ne're shew'd his
 Wear hills upon your backs ; bid mountains fall
 On you, yet God from his high mount sees all :
 O then repent in time, who e're thou art,
 Lest that thou feel, God sees, unto thy smart.

193. So

193. *So they drew up* JEREMIAH. ch. 38. v. 13.
Telling what hap unto his king should be,
Himself first tastes of his own prophecy;
He's cast into a dungeon, and therein
As much bemir'd with filth, as Jews with sinne;
But this *black* Eunuchs help's more *candid* farre,
To him, then those of his own countrey are:
Where for not letting his life be (as they
Would hav't) he has his own life for a prey.

194. *And it was so that when, &c.* ch. 41. v. 7.
Judah laid waste, and Gedaliah slain,
Lest any of the people should remain:
Ismael contrives, and doth his worst and best,
In a dire pit-fall to entrap the rest:
His plot's effected: O the *rusall* sight!
He proves himself here a true Ishmaelite.

L A M E N T A T I O N S.

195. *See, O Lord, and consider, for I am become vile.*
ch. 1. v. 11.

SEE Lord how vile we are, our finnes do lie
Before our God's, before the nations eye:
For our *desert* the land lies *desart*; beasts
Here couch: birds from our ruins build their nests.
Vile as we are, 'twould be some comfort though,
Could we (blind we) but our own vilenesse know.

196. *All thine enemies have, &c. ch. 3. v. 16.*

Behold thine enemies, on every side,
With bloody jaws, like serpents, yawning wide:
Yet ere they swallow down their morsell, hiss
To see how contemptible prey it is:
No snake ere harm'd with his three-forked tongue,
Like those bisulced, which do doubly wrong;
They shew their teeth; grin, snarl, and gnash, supposing
They shall not snap short, and catch naught ith' clo-
sing:

But God, who their outrageous madnesse seeth,
Provides a place, where they shall gnash their teeth.

197. *Thou hast covered thy self, &c. ch. 3. v. 44.*

What cloud's so thick, or what condensed air
'S not broke with the Artillery of pray'r.
Pray'r hath omnipotence, 'twill rend asunder
Those lets, and part with Heav'n in Heav'n's thunder.
Then let him muffle up his face; no doubt
We'll break those clouds untill his face break out:
Not breaking off our suit, nor till then part,
While we through clouds force passage to his heart.

198. *They shall be slain with the sword. ch. 4. v. 9.*

To die by sword, or famine, I confesse
The choice is somewhat hard, yet, ne'rethelesse;
Give me a souldiers death; for who would lie
Protracting with his life his miserie: Yet

Yet I'd chuse hunger, were't my maker's will
 I after righteousness might hunger still.
 Grant me that thirst which brings not death, but life,
 Or with the Gospels sword decide this strife.

199. *The Crown is fallen from our head, &c. ch. 5. v. 16.*

Our gracefull crown from off our head is thrust,
 And gone to lay its splendour in the dust.
 That crown is faln, and wo to us: more wo,
 Our crown of grace is fallen from us too.

E Z E K I E L.

200. *Take this stony heart out, &c. ch. 11. v. 19.*

MY stony heart O take away;
 Give me heart of flesh I pray;
 But when thou this hast giv'n, this suit I'd move,
 My heart of flesh, a fleshly heart ne're prove.

201. *Therefore ye shall no more seek vanity, &c.
 ch. 13. v. 23.*

No, no, 'ts not fit Gods servants should rely
 On each vain presage, and forg'd prophecy;
 Should they Sibylls dark leaves consult? no: rather,
 Leave Satan, fire of lies: fly to the Father
 Of everlasting truth, to not incline
 To *divinations*, but what's more *divine*.

E

202. *ANA*

202. ANAHOLAH and AMOLIKAH. ch. 23. v. 1.

Two wretched Sisters, who in wedlock-state
Participated, and in wofull fate.

The one on captains altogether plac'd

Her love, and she came poorly off at last.

The other on Chaldeans dotes, and shall

By means of those her greatest lovers, fall:

She who took others captive with her love;

Her self a worse way now must captive prove.

203. *The dry bones revived, &c.* ch. 37. v. 2,

See here dry bones cements Gods word alone,

The skin with the now long estranged bone:

Life is infus'd, and they who lately lay

Disperst skeletons, set in array,

Now make a numerous army: Isra'ls state

God by his vision here doth intimate:

Their ruines he together joyns, nay more

Joyns them to him, which ne're so near before.

Gods *arm* this *army* form'd, his name be prais'd,

Which hath such companies so strangely *rais'd*:

Raise we his glory then, and pray he grant

We prove, like those troops, his Church militant.

204. *Gogs buriall.* ch. 39. v. 15. 16. &c.

Gog, slain, lies yet unburied: bloody feast,

To which each vulturs an invited ghest:

Such

Suck in the clotted gore of these accurst,
Who would have quench'd their own unsatiate thirst
In such another flood: they laid a ginne,
And thought to catch the harmlesse dove therein,
But were escap'd; revenge us though, that they
That would have birds, may be to fowls a prey.

205. מִיָּדָיו יָצָא; cap. ult. v. ult.

Thrice happy city, which includ'st what e're
Heav'n makes its boast of, that the Lord is there.
How can thy greatnesse well be measur'd, since
Thy blessings are unmeasur'd, as thy prince:
Were I a Citizen of thee, I'd near
Th' assaults of the infernall legions fear;
Yet then too, had I but my choice, I should be,
Not to live there, so God might live in me.

DANIEL.

206. SHADRACH, MESHACH, and ABEDNEGO.
ch. 3.

IT pleas'd our God his mighty power to shew
By Shadrah, Meshach, and Abednego.
These three just persons stoutly did desire
The Kings commands, though death 'twas to deny;
So hot their fire of zeal was, that those three
To th' golden image would not bow the knee.

Wherefore it was the heathen Kings *desire*,
 They should be cast ith' scorching flames of fire :
 Which forthwith then was done ; yet to forbear
 The fire was forc't, and durst not singe a hair.
 'Twas strange, yet not so strange: for, without doubt,
 Their fire within o'recame the fire without.

207. *Alind.* ch. 3.

The fiery fornace, seven fold hotter now,
 Then ever's made for those who would not bow
 Unto the golden Idoll, but in vain:
 Untouched they, in midst oth' flames, remain !
 I wonder not that they were hurt no more,
 Since they were throughly purifi'd before.

208. NEBUCHADNEZAR *metamorphosed.* ch. 4.

By pride, I fear, O great Chaldean King,
 A sev'n years penance on thy self thou'lt bring ;
 And come, at last, to eat grasse with the beasts,
 Who us'dst each day to frolick it in feasts :
 Thou now a higher then thy self wilt see,
 Since thou'rt deprived of all dignitie.

209. DANIEL *cast into the lions den.*
 ch. 6. v. 16.

You salvage Monsters, crueller by farre
 Then lions, although beasts of prey they are:

Is thus his piety rewarded then,
 Straight to be thrust into the lions den ?
 They say those creatures never harm kings seed,
 But fawn on them, 'tis true in him indeed :
 Then courage, Daniel, and pluck up thy heart,
 Thou the adopted sonne of heavens King art.

210. *His accusers devoured, &c.* ch. 6. v. 24.

The beasts their stomach now could find at last,
 When, who cast him into their den were cast ;
 Whose bodies mangled by those lions pow'r,
 A farre worse lion did their souls devour.

H O S E A.

211. *Come, and let us return unto the Lord.*
 ch. 6. v. 1.

Come, jointly, let's return unto the Lord,
 Who made the sore can onely balme afford;
 And th' onely balm; our hurt by him thus bound
 Will be more firm, then e're it was a wound.
 He smites, but shews his love; in smiting, best;
 Let us too smite our selves upon the brest.
 Like fawning spaniels, let us love the more
 The Master, from whose hands the stroke we bore:
 Whilst thus we undergo these sufferings,
 Each blow is struck will cure the smart & brings.

212. *Rejoyce not, O Israel, for joy as other people.*
ch. 9. v. 1.

But little reason for true joyes have we,
'Midst worldly joyes, whilst wallowing we be:
Alas ! a whoring from our God we're led,
And joy in wrongs we do our nuptiall bed.
Rejoyce not we like other people, no,
But drown false pleasures in th' abyffe of wo.
This done, and God once more propitious,
No other people ere *should joy like us.*

213. *When Israel was a child, then I loved him &c.*
ch. 11. v. 1.

Oraculous sence ! an Evangelick dream
Infolded in abstruse prophetick scheme.
Epitome of what was past, yet doom
Of what in future ages was to come :
A sure foretoken Isr'el was belov'd ;
When for their sake from Egypt God was mov'd
To call his sonne: and he calls us, could we
Call on his sacred name uncessantly :
Since he's from Egypt call'd, there's little doubt
Our souls from thence shall be deliver'd out,

214. *Who is wise, he shall understand these things.*
ch. 14. v. the last.

To understand Gods wayes aright would we,
We must our selves be right, as those wayes be :

All earthly knowledge too, we should decline
 To gain experience in Gods laws divine
 This prophet sure the way of wisdom took,
 In it, he ends his life, with it, his book.

J O E L.

215. *Awake ye drunkards, &c, ch. i. v. 5.*

Rouse you from out your death-like Lethargy,
 Drunkards, that on your couches snorting lie.
 'Tis not to carouse, (mistake me not) no sack,
 But rather *sackcloth* 'tis, my friends, you lack.
 The blushing liquour late you drunk, I fear,
 Must now grow paler, and turn to a tear.
 What makes you look so *friday-fac'd* to day,
 O're prest with wo ! *our prest* wine tane away.
 'Tis cut from your mouth, and with your swill to part,
 No mar! it cuts you to the very heart.

216. *Beat your plough-shares into swords, and your pruning-hooks into spears. ch. 3. v. 10.*

Beat up the drummes, and sound alarm, all-arm;
 Let numerous companies together swarm:
 Beat, beat, your plough-shares into swords, learn now
 To handle weapons, who erst held a plough:
 Turn pruning-hooks to spears, and what ere are
 The instruments of peace, let be of warre.

Ploughs, thus employ'd, 'twill beto us I fear,
An hard, to death a too too plenteous, year.

A M O S.

217. *Ye who turn judgement to wormwood, and leave off
righteousnesse in the earth. ch. 5. v. 7.*

IS righteousness quite out of fashion then !
And will you never put it on agen ?
Were you but wise, you'd *wear* it; lest you be
Your selves *worn out* with war and misery;
And you, who *justice* call a wormwood-cup,
Shall *justly* drink a farre more bitter up.

218. *Behold the dayes come, saith the Lord God. that I
will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread,
nor athirst for water, &c. ch. 8. v. 11.*

A famine, yet no want of bread ! can be
Abundance, plenty, and yet scarcitie ?
Are contrarieties then joyn'd ! can now
A man be hungry, and yet filled too ?
Yet so it is: although the bodi's fed,
The soul may want its food of heav'nly bread.
Much better 'twere, the first were pin'd away,
Then the last have not its ambrosia:
Yet could we truly hunger for Gods word,
Heav'ns Granaries abundance would afford.

219. *Though*

219. *Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them. ch. 9. v. 2.*

You'll then dig deep enough, I cannot tell
A pit you have more title to, then hell:
Or will you climbe 'bove the mid region,
Where thunder to reward you there is none?
Yet there you can't stay long, your sinnes deny
A receptacle for you in the sky.
That God should take you up from hell, (prophane)
'Tis with more force to hurl you down again.

O B A D I A H.

220. *Behold, I have made thee small among the heathen:
thou art greatly despised. v. 2.*

DEspis'd, contemn'd, of all the heathen folk;
Their publick laughing-stock, their open talk.

J O N A H.

221. *JONAH swallowed by a fish. ch. 1.*

Hes swallow'd by the whale, who doth become
To him drown'd, yet alive, a living tombe:
Himself, ingulf'd in double sea, he knows,
Being now, truly, in the depth of woes:

But

But yet the fish *quickly* disgorg'd him *quick*;
 And for his welfare was her self sea-sick:
 Though 'twas a miracle, yet all things scan'd,
 This was the soonest way t' have come to land.

222. *And the Lord prepared a gourd, and made it to
 come over Jonah, &c. But God prepared a
 worm, &c. ch. 4. v. 6. 7.*

How soon grown up, and yet how soon 'tis gone,
 Ere thought upon:
 Of which, longer to write, I could afford;
 But I'll cut short, and imitate the gourd.

M I C A H.

223. *Wote them that devise iniquity, and work evil up-
 on their beds: when the morning is light they
 practise it. ch. 2. v. 1.*

Hear God in justice, here pronounce a wo,
 On those which they would fain bring others to.
 Who hatch that mischief on their beds, which they
 Intend to perpetrate th' ensuing day;
 Whilst thus they shew their pow'r they'l understand
 At last themselves the pow'rs of Gods right hand.
 They merit it, whose onely care's to make
 Others the more and greater care to take.

224. *But*

224. *But thou Bethlehem-Ephratah, though thou be
little amongst the thousands of Ju-
DAH, &c. ch. 6. v. 2.*

Thrice happy Bethlehem, though thou little art,
Of Judahs thousands scarce the thousandth part,
Yet out of little thee, by Gods fore-doom,
An immense Saviour was foretold to come.
This Micah could discern far off; his eye,
Clear'd by bright rayes, made it appear more nigh:
And yet his purblind countrey-men scarce saw
The light arising out of Ephratah:
When we, far distant Isles, descry it; sure
The too near splendour did their sight obscure.

N A H U M.

225. *The mountains quake at him, and the hills.
ch. 1. v. 6.*

SEE how the mountains quake, as if they meant
To th' centre through themselves a way to rent.
The hills 'gin melt, earth burns with a desire
She might be turn'd to elementall fire:
God's present; that's the cause: yet all this light
Is dim'd by his refulgence farre more bright.

226. *The*

226. *The ruine of NINEVEH. ch. 3.*

Great Nineveh is faine: the burden, late
Good Nahum bore, is turn'd upon their state.
Sad state of things: what had so populous been,
O'rethrown, is now depopulated *clean*!
Yet were it *clean*; fire never had com there,
If matter none, combustible, there were.

H A B A K K U K.

227. *And the Lord answered and said, Write, &c. c. 2. v. 2.*

When mute things shall to cry begin,
O think how crying is thy sinne!

228. *What profiteth the graven image, &c. ch. 2. v. 18.*

From him that form'd you, you expect no good;
Yet do, from what your selves have formed, wood.
Were you not wood, and stonyhearted too,
You'd give God his, not them what's not their due.
Whilst you frame images by hel-bred arts,
You quite deface Gods image in your hearts.

229. *Was the Lord displeased against the rivers? was
thine anger against the rivers? was thy wrath
against the sea? &c. ch. 3. v. 8.*

Though figtrees blossome not, or blossoming,
Let fall their scarce-form'd buds, blasted ith' spring:
Though

Though olives bear no fatnesse, and the vine,
 Empty of clusters, bring no store of wine;
 Yet whilst we have Gods favour, oil of gladnesse,
 We ne're shall want of wine to banish sadnesse.
 Though all else barren are, we'll fruitfull be,
 And consecrate our first-fruits, Lord, to thee.

ZEPHANIAH.

30. *And it shall come to passe, at that time, that I will
 search Jerusalem with a candle, &c. ch. i. v. 12.*

O Time of dismall darknesse! horrid night,
 When heav'n it self is forc'd to use a light.
 If e'l pursues th' Egyptians finnes, I fear,
 For they have got their quondam darknesse here:
 God lights a candle, 'cause you Jews ('tis plain)
 Have put out yours, and must, I fear, remain
 In night eternall: as your candle you
 Put out, from heav'n you put your selves out too.
 'Tis extinguisht grace, and natures light, to dwell
 Midst th' unextinguisht flames of hell.

31. *This is the rejoycing citie, that dwells carelesly, &c.
 ch. 2. v. 15.*

In godly joyes, mirth, pleasure, pride; to what
 Sad condition brought you Judahs state?
 A place for beasts to lie in, yet not more,
 Than viler beasts, then there were in't before. What

What's Gods they wrest to their destruction,
 Who is indeed, and there's beside him none:
 Yet now, with little change, 'tis made their own,
 They'r (miserable) and beside them none.

H A G G A I.

232. *Ye have sown much, but ye bring in little: ye eat
 but ye have not enough.* ch. i. v. 8.

YOU clothe you, but no warmth you get;
 No fire of zeal inflames you yet:
 From hence, alas, the reason came,
 You cloth'd you not with wooll oth' Lamb.
 Unholy folk, your gains bring curses,
 You put your coin in holely purses
 Without a bottome, for therein
 You lay the wages up of sinne;
 Which yet, I fear, you will not lose,
 But keep them to your lives last close,
 Untill they weigh you down that precipice
 Where, like, your purses, there no bottome is.

233. *In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, I will take the
 sonnes of Zerubbabel, and will make them a
 signet, &c.* ch. 2. ver. last.

What greater signe of favour can be had,
 Then thus to be a signet made?
 A signet which was us'd, in times of yore,
 On great mens right hands to be wore.

This grace didst thou, Shealtiel's sonne, obtain;
 And now dost at Gods right hand reign:
 O grant, good God, though I a signet ne're
 Shall prove, I may thy impresse bear:
 Vouchsafe I may, in these my infant dayes,
 Be made a signet to resound thy praise.

Z E C H A R I A H.

234. *Yea they made their hearts as an adamant stone, lest
 they should hear the law, &c. ch. 7. v. 12.*

HARD hearts, and yet I fear if all were known,
 Not so precious as that stone.
 If hard as adamant, methinks 'twere fit
 Gods laws were in such tables writ:
 But since they will not have it so, their sinne
 Is wrote with lasting characters therein.

235. *Rejoyce greatly daughter of Sion, shout daughter
 of Jerusalem. ch. 9. v. 9.*

As if with aged eyes he could behold,
 What he fore told.
 As if he saw what heav'n is proud of; ride
 Without all pride.
 As if he heard the peoples clamours ringing,
 Hosannah singing.
 He long before, might, I have a dim east
 Of what is past:
 But since I cannot, Heav'n reserve a room,
 That I, with joy, may see the pomp to come.

236. *And*

236. *And in that day shall there be upon the bells of the
horses, HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD. ch. 14. v. 20.*

Asses bore holiness of late ; and now
Must horses too ?

What Aarons bells and plate did whilome bear,
These beasts must wear.

Their bridles have't ingrav'd , though their mute
Doth want a song. (tongue

Gods servants in their hearts keep holiness,
These on their breasts :

We in the Scriptures, and these steeds have it
In holy writ.

MALACHI.

237. *A sonne honoureth his Father, and a servant his
Master : if then I be a Father, where is my
honour ? if a Master, where is my
fear ? ch. 1. v. 6.*

A Master fear hath due to him, a Syre
Doth honour from his progeny require.
If God our heavenly Father be, O where
'S his Honour ? if a Master, where's his fear ?
If sense of duty nought in us will do,
Honour for fear, fear not to honour though.

The end of the Old Testament.



The Gospel of our Saviour
JESUS CHRIST

According to

S. MATTHEW.

The blessed Virgin.



Virgin blest above all in Israel,
In that thou art mother of Emanuel.
But O more blest in that thou undefil'd
With sin, art made the daughter of thy child.

The nativity of our Saviour Jesus Christ. ch. 2.

Emanuel is born, O where shall we,
Left babe, find out thy place, and worship thee?
Where li'st thou? at an Inn? lest I should rove
Tell me the signe, is't not the signe of love?
Let me at thy celestiall manger feed,
And eat thy body which is bread indeed:
The heav'ns have sent their starry Messenger,
To bid my soul take up her lodging here.
Hence, which to publick sinnes were once abus'd,
Are now by us to publick worship us'd.
Temples farewell; heav'n prompts me 'tis no sinne,
Such a case to make my Church an Inn.

F

The

The miracle of the loaves. ch. 13.

Thou fed'st their bodies, Lord, and then
 Thou brak'st the bread of life agen;
 Who can this wondrous banquet tell,
 But as a double miracle?
 Where to be sure they might be fed,
 Thou mad'st thy body, Lord, the bread.

The blind receiving sight. ch. 20.

He gave sight, and repentance, to the blind,
 At once enlightning both their eyes and mind,

Judas selling his LORD. ch. 26. v. 15.

Judas, whilst thou thy master thus dost sell,
 Traitor, thou mak'st thy self a price for hell.

Judas his kisse. ch. 26. v. 49.

Thy falshood, Judas, thou wouldst hide in this
 By candyng thy poison in a kisse:
 That kisse thou everlastingly shalt wail;
 Thy heart meant *hale*, 'twas but thy lips said *Hail*.

Peter denying Christ. ch. 26. v. 74.

Why, Peter, dost thou thus deny
 Thy Lord so oft, so bitterly?
 How dost thou think, that he will own
 Thee, when thou plead'st before his throne?
 O let the cock, whose voice sounds thy offence,
 Lend thee a spur to tears and penitence.

PILATE

PILATE *judging our Saviour.* ch. 27.

Whom dost thou judge, fond man: what pow'r is
given

To thee, O wretch, to judge the judge of heaven?

When he shall come with troops of Angels hem'd,

For that condemning thou shalt be condemn'd;

Onely this different sentence he shall give,

Thou him condemn'st to die, he thee to live.

The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST

according to S. M A R K.

I will make you fishers of men. ch. 1.

TWill be an happy occupation, then,

To fish for the immortal souls of men.

Their hook's the word, by w^{ch} our souls are saught,

And wo betide that fish which is not caught.

*And all the devils besought him, saying, if thou cast us
out, &c.* ch. 5. v. 12.

Inveterate malice, though they cannot do

Mischief to man, they'll work the creatures wo.

A legion of spight t^c whom ere they come,

Marvell not they drive him to his tombe;

But from this one expuls'd, I fear, they mean

To quench their hate (though that can't make them

In a whole sea, one eas'ly might divine (clean)

That filthy company they chose, were swine

Or swinish men, when once they'd drove them in

To th' mire, I fear, they'll ne're return agin.

The daughter of Herodias. ch. 6.

Damsell thy feet a farall measure tread;
That thus do spurn against the Baptists head;
Which in a charger plac'd, thou mak'st thy play;
With that be sure he'll charge thee at last day.

*And he looked up and said, I see men as trees walk-
ing, &c. ch. 8. v. 24.*

The man, late blind, 'gins re-salute the light,
And now is a probationer for fight;
And yet how perfectly at first he sees,
That saw the senselesse Jews to walk like trees!

The penitent thief. ch. 23. v. 40.

He stole, and with his life did pay the price,
Yet dying stole both life and paradise.

*The Gospel of our Lord, and Saviour JESUS CHRIST
according to S. L U K E.*

*When Jesus heard these things he marvelled at him, and
turned about and said, &c. ch. 7. v. 9.*

NOr so great faith was found in Israel,
None found so faithfull as an Infidell.
He that believ'd Christ could his servant cure,
Might have believ'd and so himself assure,

That

That whilst pray'rs for his servant he did make,
Christ would himself into his service take.

*If a sonne shall ask bread of any of you that is a father,
will he give him a Stone? ch. 11. v. 11.*

Ask'st thou for bread: a stone God will not give,
But bread of life, whereby thy soul shall live;
Or if heav'n gives a stone 'ts a precious one,
'Tis Christ the rock of hope, the corner stone.

*To hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the
earth, but how is it, that ye discern not this
time? ch. 12. v. 56.*

What foolish star-gazer is there but knows
We shall have heat when sulph'rous Auster blows:
When muddy Zephyre calls up from the sea
A spongy cloud, we trow there rain will be.
Heav'n's face 'tis easie to discern, but pry
Not into Heav'n's invisibility.

ZACCHAEUS. ch. 19.

What need Zaccheus climb upon a tree,
Who with faiths eyes his Saviour could see?

*The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST
according to S. J O H N.*

And when the ruler of the feast had tasted, &c. ch. 2. v. 9.

Christ was invited to a nuptiall feast,
Not so much made by th' dishes as the guest;

But lo, in midst of all this jollity,
 The wine 'gins fail; which, or he must supply,
 Or they must want: he straight doth give command;
 And wine is made of water out of hand:
 The bridegroom could not chuse but like such wine;
 That had a relish of that heavenly Vine.

Except a man be born again, &c. ch. 3. v. 3.

Again must I be born? again must I
 Shrunk up within my mothers bowels lie?
 Again receive my birth? O strange! must heav'n,
 A price to things impossible, be given?
 'Tis true (O Nicodemus) for again
 Thou must be born through faith, pray'r, fasting, pain.
 Christ is thy father must beget thee here,
 The Church that mother is that thee must bear.

Jesus wept. ch. 11. v. 35.

Moses, whilst with his wand the rock he smites,
 Gives water to the thirsty Isra'lites;
 Laz'rus, like him, had travell'd long to find
 Another promis'd land, which was assign'd
 For blessed souls above; but here, by th' way,
 Like his forefathers, drops: being forc'd to lay
 His weary limbs under a rock, and wait
 For such a remedy in such a strait;
 When lo a rock, a mov'ng rock comes near
 This weary tir'd-out traveller to cheer,
 Out of his eyes a double spring doth flow,
 Not to refresh his thirst alone; but lo

The Acts of the Apostles.

87

It brings the dead to life: fear not to die,
Laz'rus, since thou hast life's well-spring so nigh.

I am the true vine. ch. 15. v. 1.

Art thou the vine, dear Saviour? happy's he
Who shall a branch in that stock grafted be:
Thou art a vine, as sadly shews the losse
Of thy dear blood at, the wine-presse, the crosse.

*This is my commandment, that ye love one another, &c.
ch. 15. v. 12.*

On peace, since that is the delight of God,
Fix to continue soul thy sole abode;
That so a chain of concord there may be,
Betwixt thy conscience, thy God, and thee.

Incredulous Thomas. ch. 20. v. 27.

Incredulous, who thy belief dost tie
Unto no other witness then thine eye:
But if thou dost desire a surer band
Unto thy faith; here, Thomas, feel mine hand.

The Acts of the APOSTLES.

ANANIAS and SAPPHIRA. ch. 5. v. 5. and v. 10.

WHy, when you'd sold all your possession,
Kept you a part oth' price & give all, or none.
When you to Peter came, and gave him that,
You parted with your lives at a dear rate.

Alind.

At the Apostles feet thou laidst a part,
Lay not thy treasure down, lay ope thy heart.

Saint STEPHEN Stoned. ch. 7. v. 59.

Cares he for tortures, or for death think you,
Who hath his haven, heaven, in full view?
These stones, which would have clogg'd another
Adde wings (O Stephen) to thy spirits flight. (quite,
In vain you think this martyr'd saint to stay,
His eyes already have prepar'd his way.

SIMON MAGUS. ch. 8. v. 18.

Simon in bitterness is thy abode,
Who thinkst with coyn to buy the gift of God.
Thy money-good, bad Simon, keep to thee,
For thou may'st purchase hell without a fee.

The baptized Eunuch. ch. 8. v. 38.

O Eunuch, treasurer to Candace, here
A greater treasure is approaching near:
Though tis but water, yet that water may
Wash all the blacknesse of thy mind away.

SAULS conversion. ch. 9. v. 3.

The light thou saw'st from heav'n did make thee
And yet, O Saul, gave light unto thy mind, (blind,

Peters deliverance. ch. 12. v. 7, 8, &c.

Peter, the doors flew ope for thy
Egresse to former liberty.

Thy

Thy hearts-doores to fly ope begin,
Joy with the angel enters in,

Sirs, What shall I do to be saved? &c.
ch. 16. v. 30.

What shouldst thou do O Jayloure why repent,
Hear the glad tidings of the Gospel sent,
Perform thy function, thou a Jaylour art,
Imprison Gods commandments in thy heart.

PAUL beaten, ch. 16. v. 37.

When thou with stripes wert beat, thou didst begin
To say thou wert a Romane Citizen:
But when the day of judgement comes, O Paul,
Thou'lt plead thy freedome of another Hall.

The viper shake into the fire, ch. 28. v. 5.

Thou Murd'rous beast who by unnat'ral strife,
Dost break a passage thorough death to life,
And now with fell intent upon the hand
Of godly Paul, who scorns thy pow'r, dost stand;
Think'st thou, when he hath scapt the raging sea
That he on land shall find his death by thee?
Or dost thou but to kisse his hand aspire?
He scap'd the sea, trie if thou canst, the fire.

The

The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the
ROMANS.

Who will render to every man according to his
deeds. ch. 2. v. 6.

IF labourers are worthy of their hire,
I've undeserv'd thy love, deserv'd thine ire:
My work, O heavenly Father, alwayes hath
Been the more amply to deserve thy Wrath,
Not working in thy vineyard, but have sown
Tares' sted of *tears* to my confusion,
Nor should I reap in joy these fruits, but hell
Would fall to my lot, and I should have fell
To it, yet though poor wretch I contrary
Have been to thee still, let my wages be
Contrary to my merits and though I
Cannot thy mercy by my actions buy,
My *labour* being nought *worth*, yer be't thy will
That I may *labour* to be *worthy* still.

Alind.

The earth with gratefull tribute doth restore
The seed we put into her trust before,
But that is earthly fruit, sow then with toyl
Heaven's seeds, for that's a farre more fertill soyl;
For God takes care that those who *mean* to give
Their lives to him, shall nere want *means* to live.

*For I am perswaded that neither height nor
depth, &c. ch. 8. v. 38.*

The Poets fancy that a chain of gold,
Which doth, alone, bound to Jove's chair, uphold
The earth, the sea, and all things else; but we
Have better chains in our Divinity:
Whose links are nought but amity, and love
Which binds us fast unto our God above:
So held by Christ that no finister fate,
Nor World nor Devils shall us separate.

*The first Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
the CORINTHIANS.*

*And now abideth Faith, hope and charity: but the great-
est of these is charity. ch. 13. v. the last.*

CHARITY is a grace, whence all the rest,
Do take their rise, and is of all the best.
This grace God us'd, to give us grace, which he
Had never given, but for charity:
This proper is to God. each other grace
That in mans heart doth find a biding place
Doth die with him, but this no end shall have
Nor rest within the compasse of a grave:
This shews Godsimage in us, seek it then:
This makes us earthly Gods, those, onely men.

*Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead,
how say some amongst you that there is no resurre-
ction? but now is Christ risen from the dead,
&c. For as in Adam all die, so in Christ
shall all be made alive. ch. 15.*

ver. 12. 20, 22.

The execration's dreadfull, yet therein
There's nought so terrible as is the sinne.
Has Christ so ill deserv'd of us that we
Should pay him thus again unthankfully!
Let love breed love, kindling an equall fire
In our desire.

Contemplate on his suff' rings, let them move:
The greatest curse is, not our Lord to love.

*The second Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
the CORINTHIANS.*

*Nevertheless though we walk in the flesh, yet we do
not warre after the flesh. ch. 10. v. 3.*

WHat though we live on earth, our nobler part
Hath learn'd to subjugate by heavenly art
Our terrene drosse, our viler heart that still
Moves warre, and is repugnant to his will,
So dissonant they are, that midst their strife
They both do mutually endanger life.
Yet when that's gone, this still my comfort shall
Be found, I have a life spirituall.

An

*And I will very gladly spend, and be spent for
you, &c. ch. 13. v. 15.*

Spend, and be spent, and all that he thereby
Might us enrich; this prodigality
Is too too much! O no, he doth no more
Then what our Saviour's self did heretofore;
He for mankind lay'd down his life, and shall
Not we too of our lives be prodigall?
What's Paul's unto our Saviour's? and what are
Our lives if them we do with Paul's compare?
Sure farre below him: grant good God that we
May follow him as he hath follow'd thee.

*The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
the GALATIANS.*

*Am I therefore become your enemy because I tell
you the truth? ch. 4. v. 16.*

If truth breed enmity, he who's truths foe
An enemy to th' God of truth is too.
Shall parasitick lies, oyl'd phrases gain
Acceptance, where truth can no grace obtain?
It truly shews we've none: who then will dare
To put in mind we men, and mortall are?
Then flie base sycophants, count him thy foe
That fawning would not have thee think him so.
This is the wholesom'ft counsel can be given
Like this, or th'art not *like* to come to heaven.

For

*For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord
Jofus, ch. 6. v. 17.*

(Paul) in thy body the Lords marks I find,
But farre more legible are in thy mind.

The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the
EPHESIANS.

Redeeming the time, because the dayes are evil. ch. 6. v. 16.

If time for no man waits, but poasteth on;
Who can recall the time that's past and gone.
It seems perhaps unto our weaker eye
To redeem time, impossibility.
But heaven will teach it by an art divine,
Look back upon thy grandfires age, then thine.
See their integrity, and quiet life,
Thine full of falshood tending to all strife;
Tread in their paths, to imitate them strive;
So't may be said that age doth still survive.

*Stand therefore having your loyns girt about
with, &c. ch. 6. v. 14.*

Arm, arm, against an enemy, a foe
More to be fear'd, then any here below.
Weapons of Steel fram'd by a mortalls hand
Cannot the on-sets of this pow'r withstand:

True

True holinesse within our simple hearts
Must be our safeguard from hells fiery darts;
Strike down all lusts that cannot give the word,
That word will wound these foes more then thy
sword.
When th' hast or ecome, lay not thy weapons down,
Acknowledge 'twas Gods might, and not thine own,
Else to thy self, thy self a foe art grown,
Thou, none assaulting, shalt be overthrown.

The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the
P H I L I P P I A N S.

*Let nothing be done through contention or vain-
glory, &c. ch. 2. v. 3.*

TIs fit each one of others better deem;
Himself in lowest rank of all esteem.
Nought in vain-glory do, nor ostentation,
Joyn not humility with affectation.
And 'midst the mad applause of th' vulgar rout,
With conscioussnesse of secret faults keep out
All pride, thus siene within, this good hath done,
To give no other intromission.
Debarring pride, here fix thy firm abode,
The lowest nighest is to th' highest God.

*Let your moderation be known unto all men: the
Lord is at hand. ch. 4. v. 5.*

The coming of our Lord is near, and we
Should alwayes for that time prepared be,
So let our moderation now be shown
That he may vindicate us for his own,
Onely at that time waiting for such profit,
Immoderate be in expectation of it.

*The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the
COLOSSIANS.*

*Set your affections on things above, and not on
things below, &c. ch. 3. v. 2.*

WHo can, then him who gave affects to th' mind
A fitter object of affection find?
Shall sordid earth bewire th' immortall soul
Which else woul soar aloft above the Pole?
Shall dunging land, shall carts our businesse be
Whilst we despise th' ethereall axeltree?
Shall all those vast dimensions of Heav'ns globe
A Ptolomy could rake in's Astrolabe,
Be thought room big enough to entertain
My vast aspiring mind? no, all's but vain:
With zeal imp'd I'll mount higher, till I see
The starres as farre below me, as I, thee:

I'll

He fly, at one cast have at heaven, at all,
Take pride in climbing, and yet fear no fall.

*But he that doth wrong shall receive for the wrong
that he hath done, and there is no respect
of persons. ch. 3. v. the last.*

Thou Monarch of the World, whose pow'rfull hand
Doth sway the nations all at thy command;
Deal'st with all justly, lest it not be sed
Thy laws are like Arachne's fine spun web.
Where little flies are caught and kil'd, but great
Pass at their pleasures and break down the net.
Let not through their injustice fools provoke
The God of Heaven, he strikes an equal stroke;
Strikes at the Crown as well as at the feet,
And often makes both head and tail to meet.

*For what is our hope, or joy, &c. Yes, ye are our glory
and joy. ch. 2. v. 19. 20.*

I will adde another Diadem to thee
Good Paul, when at the last day thou shalt see
those Thessalonians circled with divine
rayes of bright glory, which, though theirs, are thine:
to hear them blesse that gracious God who sent
of their conversion thee the instrument,
at when Christ comes, and claims thee for his own,
their joyes will mount to th' higher region.

98
The first Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the
THESSALONIANS.

Quench not the Spirit. ch. 5. v. 19.

A Sacred heat inspires me; and shall I
Fling water on't? or lay the fuell by?
No, let it have its work, this burning sure
My safety doth from others flames procure.
But when I feel the heat decrease and gone
Almost; I le cast the Spirits unction on:
Or wanting that, poure tears; salt water will
Re-kindle it, and keep't in vigour still:
That like as Chymists keep continuall fire
T' obtain the rich extraction they desire;
So I may study ('twould more fruitfull prove)
To keep the Spirit the quintessence of love.

The second Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
the THESSALONIANS.

And ye brethren be not weary in well-doing. ch. 3. v. 13.

M Ay noble Titus name long live, who thought
That day was spent in worse then doing nought
Wherein he did no good. so kind was he,
Of indefatigable charity.
In our religion, shall an ethnicks thus
Be said to have preeminence o're us!

Though

Though for's vast empire none did ere excell
That Prince; each strive at least in doing well:
To be above him, imitate him who
Ne're ceaseth good to us and ours to do;

The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
TIMOTHY.

*And having food and raiment let us be therewith
content. ch. 6. v. 8.*

Gluttons, you are deceiv'd; and so are you
Fine silken Gallants too
Which place your *summum bonum* in such things
As *summum malum* brings.
High fare and sumptuous you think, no doubt,
To life will set you out,
O wit for fools; O father be content
With that which God hath sent;
Yet not content; but, since God thinks it good;
Pray for *spirituall* raiment, heavenly food.

The second Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to
TIMOTHY.

*never learning, and never able to come to the knowledge
of the truth. ch. 3. v. 7.*

S this your learning? O 'tis surely then
Backwards to learn agen.

So often to commence, yet never past
 How ^{you} Master o'th' an at last,
 Backwards you learn the holy tongue I know,
 I fear you holiness it self learn so.

The Epistle of P A U L the Apostle to
 T I T U S.

*They professe that they know God, but in works they
 deny him, ch. 1. v. the last.*

P R o f e s s i n g Heaven, he's in a hellish state
 That nere is candid, though a candidate:
 No man at any time Jehovah knew,
 Much lesse (if not a man) you bestiall crue;
 Though you professe much, yet my faith's but small
 That you have any faith in you at all.

The Epistle to P H I L E M O N.

*Yet for loves sake I rather beseech thee, being such
 a one as Paul the aged, and now also a prisoner
 of Jesus Christ. verse 9.*

V V H o would not rather such a pris'ner be,
 Then of the richest potent'ft city, free?
 A pris'ner: but 'tis better farre to die,
 Then seek apostatizing libertie.

O happy Paul who hadst the honour thus
To be his prisoner who redeemed us.

The Epistle to the HEBREWS.

*It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the
living God. ch. 10. v. 31.*

IN what a stupid and a sottish age
Do we now live, that we should dread the rage
Of punishment, which is Gods harbinger,
And torments more then the tormentours fear!
Surely if that his instrument strike sore,
When he's the instrument 'twill be farre more:
These rods like that Assyrian King have pow'r
From him who sent them forth, not to devoure
But purge us, would untill 'tis set on fire,
Can give no heat. O then if you desire
To avoid the scorpious sting of punishment;
Appease him first who hath these scourges sent.

*By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be
called the son of Pharaohs daughter, ch. 11. v. 24.*

Mild Moses, was it through humility
Thou didst deny
To be th' adopted heir of Pharaoh?
Or is not so,
What mov'd thee to refuse a dignity
That su'd to thee?

No 'twas thy holy pride which shot upright
 At heav'n, the white;
 Thou choos'ing God thy Father, 'twas not strange
 So choos'ing, thou wert proud of such a change.

*Choos'ing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God,
 then to enjoy the pleasures of sinne for a season,
 esteeming the reproch of Christ, &c.*

ch. 11. v. 25, 26.

Cheap pennieworth affliction, when such gain
 It brings, and quits with so much joy our pain.
 Cheap bought, yet dearly too, since 't doth conferre
 On us what is both precious and dear.
 Who then can Moses discommend, that he
 Suffer'd reproches so contentedly?
 In case he had deny'd to bear them, then
 He had deserv'd reproch from all good men.

The Epistle of the Apostle

S. JAMES.

*For as the body without the spirit is dead, even
 so &c. ch. 2. v. 26.*

YOU boast of faith, you say too, you have set
 It safe, like jewels in a cabinet.
 Why say you nor (and I should credit give,
 Almost as soon) a carrion corps doth live

Tha

That, doth not breathe? nor's thy faith joyn'd with
 I'd sooner take a charitable Turks; (works,
 And for your cabinet you keep it there
 So safe, that we shall never see't, I fear.

*Therefore to him that knoweth how to do well, and doth it
 not, to him it is sinne. ch. 4. v. 17.*

Of't with my self as I have musing fate,
 Weighing the foolish and the wise man's state;
 I've doubtfull been, which I might judge the best;
 The wise man knows much good, but doeth least.
 The senselesse doltish Idiot without wit,
 Knows nought, and naught is able to commit.

The first Epistle of the Apostle
S. PETER.

*For it is better if the will of God be so, that ye
 suffer for well-doing, then for evil.*
 ch. 3. v. 17.

Afflictions are like med'cines, if they be
 Giv'n to sound bodies go down currently,
 And trouble not; but if distempers grow,
 And make the stomach queazy, 'tis not so; (main;
 They purge, and scoure, and search, till nought re-
 That's an ill humour then comes out again:
 So 'tis with us. If we our selves prepare,
 And with no great offence corrupted are;

Afflictions seem more sweet, but if there lie
 Upon the soul some foul enormity,
 The burden weighs more heavy, and our God
 Seems angry, strikes hard with his iron rod,
 If I must of that bitter purge partake,
 May't be for triall, not for my sins sake.

*But it is unto them according to the proverb, The
 dog is returned to his own vomit, and the sow
 that was washed, to her wallowing in
 the mire. ch. 2. v. 22. cp. 2.*

When thou art purg'd, and cleans'd hast bin,
 Be carefull lest again thou sin:
 Behold the sheep that once being wash't
 Is wary lest she should be dash't;
 For otherwise 'twould labour be in vain
 To wash to filth, to filth to wash again.

The first Epistle of JOHN.

*He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is
 love. ch. 4. v. 8.*

Our God is love, then why should we
 Live thus in wrath and enmity?
 The blessed Trinity teach us love,
 That we the liker them may prove,
 To tie true-love's-knots now begin,
 But yet at variance be with sin.

The

The second Epistle of I O H N.

*For he that biddeth him God speed, is partaker of his
evil works. v. 11.*

TO bid an evil man God speed,
 'S to be partaker of his deed;
 But if unwittingly I spake,
 My self I conscious did not make:
 But must I first his businesse know,
 Whether it lawfull be or no?
 What need of that leave him to God,
 And unto his revengefull rod:
 Pray then that such who unto sins are bent,
 God would with speed bring them to punishment.

The third epistle of J O H N.

*But I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak
face to face. v. 14.*

A Greater blisse then peace no man can have,
 He that gave peace, no doubt all things else gave.
 Peace is the chief of graces, for those were
 Indeed no graces, which at discord are:
 They, as the Poets faine, are link'd in one,
 And virtue makes the full conjunction:

Behold

Behold how this one peace doth prosp'ring blesse
 All temporall affairs with with'd successe.
 The earth yields her increase, each under's vine
 Sits down in peace, and drinks of his own wine.
 More joy I cannot wish you, then farwell,
 The peace of God be with you where you dwell.

The epistle generall of J U D E.

*Tet Michael the Archangel, when contending with the
 deuyll, and disputing about the body of Moses, durst
 not blame him with cursed speaking, but
 said, The Lord rebuke thee.*

ver. 9.

WHat argument of *pro* and *con* there was
 With them I mean not to *dispute* the case.
 This onely I am certain of, the one
 Would bring no railing accusation:
 For 'twas as farre below him to contend,
 In bitter words, as was that ugly feind.
 A body mov'd this strife at first 'twixt those
 Who had *no bodies*, incorporeall foes.
 Michael, in his *mild* words, without dispute,
 His words did to *mild* Moses nature suit.

The

The Revelations of JOHN.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ. ch. i. v. 1.

THis revelation in your minds up hoord,
See Christ the word revealed in his word.

Behold, he cometh with clouds, &c. ch. i. v. 7.

With clouds he comes, a cloudy day twill be
With those, Lord Jesus, who despised thee;
But to the Saints happy, thrice happy houre,
Those clouds shall melt in a sweet honey shoure.

I am he that liveth, and was dead. ch. i. v. 18.

No death could have the power over thee,
Thou freely did'st submit thy self to die;
Thou now dost live; in finnes, Lord, I am dead;
Joyn me a member to thy self the head.

Be thou faithfull unto the death, &c. ch. 2. v. 10.

Hast thou begun well? so persevere,
Runne on thy race, and alter never.
Hell is their portion, who begin
In piety, and end in sinne;
And this will be another hell,
To think that they began so well.

And

And I will give thee a crown of life. ch. 2. v. 10.

In the bright throne thou shalt be set,
About thy head a coronet:
Thy faithfulness, and constancy
Shall be refounded in the skie;
And to have got this fame, with such renown,
Shall adde a greater lustre to thy crown.

I am Alpha, and Omega. ch. 22. v. 13.

God's the worlds *Alpha*, its creatour,
He formed all the works of nature:
He'll be the worlds *Omega* to
Bring to wicked men great woe.
Here's first and last; for th' *middle* man, who is't?
Who can that be, but *Mediour* Christ:

Alind. ch. 22. v. 13.

God doth himself *Alph* and *Omega* call,
Yet no beginning hath, no end at all.

Blessed are they that do his commandments.
ch. 22. v. 14.

O shut not up the book
Ere you a little further look:
A sweet encouragement
(Read it) ith' close is sent.

The

The tree of life is yours
Who do endeavour to your pow'rs
Gods precepts to fulfill it's best abode,
The tree shall yield more fruit to you, then you to
God.

Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. ch. 22. v. 20:

Make haste, Lord Jesus, quickly come,
And take my wandering spirit home:
Too long it hath been pleas'd with toys,
And sought to lying vanities.
'Twixt two I am, and fain would be
Dissolved, Lord, and come to thee:
O take me, Lord, and ease my fears;
Or else I shall dissolve in tears:
Where is the temple? gently guide
My soul to it, thy virgin bride;
Or if no temple fit enough there be,
My soul's a temple consecrate to thee.

2. PETER.

Peter from Jerusalem, look and on
This rock the Papists lay foundation;
This rock is narrow, **IS I N I**
For those that would be saved, on it to come.
I will give a rock, but such a rock indeed
As will their drowning not sustain.

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An additionall corollary of *divine Epigrams*, such as
cannot be referred to any particular
place of *Scripture*.

By J. H.

Saint Paul beheaded.

THe end of thy appointed race is come,
And thou must loose thy rev'rend head at Rome:
This crumme of comfort, yet, thy spirit fed;
Thou art the member of another head.

Mary Magdalens joyes after mourning.

Mourning, now be gone,
Go seek some other place, depart;
Joy must possesse thy throne,
Now truly, now, thou mourning art.
Her eyes have long rain'd April showers,
'Tis now full time the crop May flowers.

S. PETER.

Peter from *petra* comes, a rock, and on
This rock the Papists lay foundation:
This rock so narrow is, that there's no room,
For those that would be sav'd, on it to come;
'T will prove a rock, but such a rock indeed,
As will their drowning, not salvation, breed.

They

They build upon the sands, their own hopes mock,
Since Peters self was built on Christ his rock.

CHRIST to meiss gain.

Crosse others, if you wish there should ensue,
Crosses, on crosses, multipli'd on you:
But if you'll needs be crossing, 'tis no losse,
But rather gain for you to learn Christs X.

PRAYER.

The Devil, a roaring lion, seeks each hour
Whom he unarm'd may find, and so devour.
Let pray'r our buckler be, all night, all day,
Pray that thou beest not made the devils prey.

Heavenly love.

Great love, no marriage, there's in heav'n above;
Here is much marrying not a whit of love.

Soul-comfort.

Look up to heaven with erected looks
Of love, my soul, thou art much in Gods books.

On the end of the World.

The wicked world, in waters, long ago
Was steep'd, th' ill humours then from it did go:
'Tis now infected with ungodly men,
Which makes me fear that fire must purge 't agen.

*A Divine Poem on the cruell death and Passion of our
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

ANd now the time is come, dear Lord, is come,
When not by Pilates doom, but thy fore-doom
Thou art to suffer; 'twas not his decree,
But thine, ordain'd from all Eternity.
Thy subject, man, lifting'd thy Laws just force;
And thou, the Law-giver, sustain'd'st the curse:
When we so farre had from thy precepts swerv'd,
That little we desir'd, this lesse deserv'd.
When we were all in sinne of so deep grain,
Onely thy dying could us cleanse again;
When we were all be-purple'd o're, yet none
Could blush at those offences he had done.
Strange miracle, that crimson blood should so
Turn our souls crimson hue to purest snow;
Beyond expression, that he tastes of death,
Whose breath infus'd in ev'ry creature breath!
To which sad joyfull narrative we come,
Drawn by his agonies prelude.

Our Saviour, having sup'd his last, 'gan sup
The wholesome liquour of the saving cup;
Which did resemble that his precious blood
Was to be shed for our eternall good;
Now a more bitter one to drink he hath,
The dregs of an incens'd Fathers wrath.
Being to quasse this wormwood draught, alas,
No man'l he pray'd the cup from him might passe.

Now

Now his first conflict comes, now drops of blood
Bedew the blushing earth, whereon he stood :
Those precious drops, which from him now down
Usher the streams must issue from his side. (Glide,
The inward torments of his soul were great,
The outward signes whereof was bloody sweat ;
But greater follow, armed souldiers stand
With holdberds, staves, and knotty clubs, in hand ;
Ready to seise the prince of peace, and he
Who could have guards of Angels presently
Attending on his summons, now can brook
To be by mortall creatures pris'ner took :
O would they hind him never to depart,
The strongest chain were love, to hold the heart ;
Or, happy they, could they so happy prove,
Themselves to be rane captives by his love :
That, that had bound them to the peace, and so
O'th' militant Church they had been souldiers too:
But Peter not endures it, with zeal stunn'd,
Out of his sheath he draws his keen-edg'd sword :
Peter, if pleasure thou in swords dost take,
The Gospels two-edg'd sword thy weapon make ;
But he who came to heal his peoples sinnes,
To heal the high-priests servants eare begones,
Who yet, poor creature, Gods call could not hear,
Because, alas, he wants the inward ear ;
And now the shepherd took, the sheep, poor sheep
Are scatter'd, when their pastour doth not keep
himself : the shepherd, said, I : he became
No more a shepherd now, but proves a lambe ;

Whose fleece his servants faults for aye should cover,
That so his fathers wrath might them passe over.
He suffers them to leave him, and doth make
That th' means that he might never them forsake :
This surely was his deepest grief, who here
Deserted was, of all whom he held dear.
Accompani'd, but how ? with foes, and none
But would much rather, so, be left alone.
Great are his suff'rings sure, heavy his doom,
Who suffersthus much e're his suff'rings come :
Yet, meek and silent, giveth no occasion
For any one to think he is in *passion* :
Although he be, so patient bears his state,
Though full of passion, yet not passionate.
Judas, *perditions sonne*, 'twas led the van
Of those who came to take the *Sonne of man* :
Foul treas'rer who, to gain a little pelf,
Hast treasured up great wrath unto thy self.
Our Saviour, gently, yet would call him *Friend*,
How much more rightly were he stiled Fiend !
What wicked deed, base traitour, hast thou done !
Hast thou no other way to *kisse the Sonne* ?
Blind Pharisees Christs bounty do not know ;
He'll give himself, they need not buy him so :
Think you a price for his life can be given,
Who gives, that life, a price to purchase heaven ?
The traitour doth not long out-live the fact ;
But he who did incite him to this act,
Invites him to another, to destroy
His body, make that bear's soul company.

ver, He hangs himself, compleating his sinnes score,
Who was insnar'd with love of hell before.
Peter, who so of late his Saviour lov'd,
Now runnes: the rock of Peters love is mov'd.
First led to Annas, next to Caiaphas;
To Pilate twice, to Herod once he was:
Both Jews and Gentiles his condemners be;
Romans, Barbarians seem in cruelty.
Those who were foes before, now think it good
First to cement their friendship in his blood:
This reconcilements dire *foundation*
Was built on, yet without the *corner-stone*:
What wonder is it then that we have read
Both blood, and building fell upon their head:
False witnesses were sought, whose consciences
Witness to them how false their witness is.
The temple, in three dayes he will destroy,
And at the three dayes end reedifie
Is of his body, yours too (would you yield
Temples unto the holy Ghost) would build:
This not enough, these Theo-cides begin
To smite him on the cheeks, O horrid sinne!
Whilst they disfigure thus with blows his face,
Gods image clean from out themselves they race;
Whilst on the face they smite him, happy wert
Their consciences could smite them on the heart.
Buffets are added too, and they shall hear,
If I may say't, on both sides of their ear:
Those buffetings, I may with holy Paul
Satans at least, or Satans servants eall.

How think ye, he your prayers will hear, who thus
Have strove to deaf *him* both to you and us?
Those hands which formed them, they impiously
With blows would bring unto deformity:
Those hands they strike, to heav'n he upward throws,
They strike upon a palm that upward grows:
His eyes too in derision they blind,
They'd have his eyes, it seems, like to their mind.
How could those wretches think to kood-wink him
Who both lights organ gave and medium?
They mock him, the eternall God, and he
Will mock their hopes unto eternitie.
They brag they'r Isaac's seed, but who can know
Now whether they are Ishmaelites, or no?
First scoffing, and then down-right murd'ring, sure
They thought it difficult hell to procure;
Else, certainly, they never so would wrest
It doubly, both by earnest, and in jest:
But this is nothing yet, disloyally
Peter who erst forsook, doth now deny
His Master, and doth curse himself; but he
Whom he denies, denies his curse shall be
Fulfil'd on him, but gives him penitence;
Eyes first to see, then weep for his offence.
He had decreed to die before, and hence
It was he spoke not in his own defence:
Had he, for his just cause, but pleaded so,
Injustice would be forc'd justice to do.
He could have utter'd one such sentence then,
Which should have forc'd his judge change his agen

Wh

Who yet unwilling was, that one so just
Should die to satisfy the peoples lust.
Fain would he have condemn'd one who was
An homicide, seditious Barabbas.
An homicide must be releas'd that they
The homicides might with their Saviour play:
Play, said I? I recant, it was not true,
Or if they play'd, at least, they play'd the Jew.
What madness seiz'd you, that you should release
The peace's troubler, bind the Prince of peace?
Much troubled in her dream was Pilates wife;
And did her best to *save* our Saviours life.
He hears her not, O wretch, how could it be,
Unlesse all goodnesse were a *dream* to thee?
Like *dreams* thy joyes shall vanish, pleasures too;
And, but hells pains, thou shalt have nothing true.
Scribes, people, Pharisees, together cry
Out with him; crucifie him, crucifie
Their noise resounds, and rends the air again,
Ascending high'r then they shall ere attain.
That clamour, which cri'd crucifie him here,
Thund'ring at heaven, demands for vengeance there.
The voice ascended upwards, but alas,
That they the lower might descend it was.
Why wastest thou thy hands? employ that art
(Yet that were bootlesse too) to cleanse thine heart;
Or in that blood, from which thou fain wouldst free
Thy self, but wash, and thou shalt clean'd be:
But O their cry prevails, who cursing stood,
On them, and on their children be his blood.

God, who ne're heard their pray'rs in 'ought but this,
 Fulfill'd the tenour of their direfull wish;
 Yet had they laid his blood to heart, in stead
 Of that, God had not laid it on their head.
 Pilate begins himself now to bestirre,
 Not like a judge, but Executioner.
 The scourge foreshows what tortures are to come,
 Of which that is but the *Prooemium*.
 Deep print these lashes left; but we (unkind)
 Forget to have them printed in our mind:
 We may keep Gods commands, and yet keep these,
 No sinne to have such graven images.
 Stript naked from his clothes; if ever, now
 Truth naked is, we boldly may avow:
 Who of eternall rayes, himself before
 Had stript; clogg'd with humanity, once more
 Is stript of earthly garments, that so he
 Might clothe us with his immortalitie:
 But this was not enough; with more disdain,
 Then ere they strip'd, they clothe him now again:
 Little those miscreants thought, when thus they plaid,
 That they in scarlet had their judge araid;
 This colour with his office well agrees,
 That bloody fact, and our iniquities;
 Thus by anticipation he begins
 To be apparrell'd in his peoples sinnes.
 A wreath of thorns ingirts his temples, and
 A reed, stead of a sceptre in his hand.
 Those thorns, which crown his brows, may seem to
 Who goes to heaven must go a thorny way. (say,
 How

his, How can the members better think to speed;
When he their *head* doth wear them on his *head*?
Never were thorns so rightly said 'inclose,
As now they are, a full-blown purple rose.
He'll neer prove steady Christian, who sticks
Loth to embrace, kicking against these pricks.
His sceptre weak although it be, they need
Not fear that he will break the bruised reed;
And now they make obedience to him: how
Their outward not their inward knee they bow!
sc, Prophetick 'tis, though little they intend
It so, to him of right all knees must bend.
Hail, hail, long reigne the king, methinks I hear
Their clam'rous mock-shouts rend the troubled air:
As on those goodly cities of the Plain
He did, so wretches he on you will rain
Snares, sulphur, fire (your courages shall quail)
And dreadfull stones of, what you wisht him, *hail*.
Our Lord was spit upon, and we must too
Expect through spittle unto heaven to go:
aid, But O they go about farre worse then it,
I fear they have not all their venome spit.
The reed which stood before in's sceptres stead,
Has left his hand, and 's flown unto his head:
Which grieving their spites instrument to be,
Hath from that time to this sigh'd vocally.
Through strokes howe're the way may seem uneven,
He goes a beaten path, that goes to heaven:
to Jestng is past, and now their play must be
ow Clos'd in a Tragicall *Catastrophe*.

His own clothes are put on, he in short space
 Is led to's death, Mount Calvarie's the place:
 Simon takes up his crosse, his others were
 Crosses sufficient for himself to bear;
 On whose back laid, besides his grief, we find,
 The finnes, and punishment of all mankind;
 And now I come, where I (methinks) could stay,
 Ravish'd in contemplation, for aye.
 What a sad-joyfull object greets mine eye?
 Seeing his sorrows, can I chuse but cry?
 Both grief and gladnesse, here at once there lies;
 And ev'n my very tears, are tears of joyes.
 Can I refrain to pour a briny flood,
 Which yet is drown'd in th' Ocean of his blood?
 Can I refrain to joy? those drops, I see,
 Are made the oyl of gladnesse, Soul, to thee.
 Yet, can I chuse but grieve, since paradise
 Is purchas'd for me at so dear a price?
 Yet, can I chuse but joy in contemplation,
 That these his sorrows work my souls salvation?
 Then share me joyntly, joy and sadnesse: part
 Stakes in my leaping, yet dissolving, heart;
 Or, since the world's a vale of tears, on earth
 I'll weep; in heav'n will make eternall mirth.
 The sonne of man is lifted up, O see
 How heav'n and earth strive for the deiry!
 He in *suspense*, as dubious, yet is loth
 To leave one for the other, but midst both;
 Nor midst his sufferings, suffers to resigne
 His humane nature, or put off's divine:

Yet

Yet though he doubly hath obscur'd his light
 By humane nature, and with pains, too bright
 He is for my aspect, my eyes grow dim;
 Thus long with gazing upon glorious him,
 He now drinks up the dregs of 's cup, which are
 A mixt compound of gall and vinegar.
 So he a dove in life, at his death shall
 Take in, what's not innate unto him, gall.
 The God of love drinks vinegar; O pow'r
 Of love, which overcame with sweet that soure!
 He takes that wormwood potion down that we
 Might in the gall of bitternesse ne're be.
 His hands are nail'd but not a-crosse, he stands
 As ready to embrace with open hands,
 They've hit the proverb right. Sharp nails are sped
 Through both the hands of him who is our head.
 O let these wounds suffice he doth sustain;
 Let us not crucifie him o're again.
 Between two thieves he hangs, who held to be
 Equall with God no part of robbérie:
 So I 'twixt grace and sin, but fain from sin
 Would be dissolv'd; O so a tract begin,
 My cauteriz'd, my iron heart! one thief
 Upbraids: O th' impudence beyond belief!
 And weren't not Gospel, I should take't to be
 As farre remote from all belief, as he
 Impenitently sinfull, sinfull more
 In this, then ere he shew'd himself before.
 (If thou beest Christ) he did his worst I see
 To robbe our Lord of his Divinitie.

The other meekly chides him, and *begins*
 Now at his *end* to ask pardon for his finnes.
 Good pious thief, who thus past hope hast stole
 To heaven, and chear'st the Devil of a soul.
 A titles o're our Saviour writ, and all
 In letters, like their own crime, *capital*.
 Now *capital* it needs must be, because
 Both o're his head, and 'gainst our Head it was:
 Hebrew, Greek, Roman, which may signifie
 He for all languages alike did die.
 This is the *title* of our King; by this
 He gives us *title* to a throne of blisse.
 This is the title of our King; nor need it
 Explained be, for he that runs may read it.
 Our Saviours sorrows are at heighth; each scribe,
 As he by-passes, spends some quip, some gibe.
 If thou be Christ (so said the thief) 's to me
 Doubtfull, if he the Christ your Christ will be.
 (If thou beest Christ, come down) what would you
 Should he descend, you needs must lower go. (do:
 (That we this miracle beholding may
 Give credence that thou art whom thou dost say)
 (Come down, and save thy self) what would you
 Should he himself, alas who should you save? (have:
 So difficult you are faith to receive,
 'Twill be a miracle if you believe.
 Midst pangs beyond our reasons dull belief,
 Eternall torments and internall grief,
 Our Saviour cries in this extremitie
Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.

Heav'n

Heav'n now, heav'n gates are shut, they now begin
T' refuse to let the King of glory in.
Those doors against their maker closed be,
By him for us op'd to eternity.
His Fathers ear is stopt, justice doth move
So much his fury that it clouds his love.
Hell gapes, and the infernall monarch glories
Hoping t' engulf him in his territories.
Vanisht Hosannaes are: all signes of gladnesse:
Through th' *universe* an *universall* sadnesse.
But the mistaking Jews believe amisse,
Elias to his help invoked is.
Elias was not of that mournfull song
The burden: but 'twas E L God farre more strong
Yet as that Sire in flaming chariots hurri'd,
To th' Apotheosis was rapt and carri'd.
So he's to come, involv'd with flames of fire,
And turn the world to cinders in his ire.
Then happy those, whom guilt doth not appall;
Who theirs, can Israels carre, and horsemen, call.
There now remains one thing for him to do,
Then are his acts, and passions ended too.
He thirsts: who thirsty unto him are brought
He gives lifes waters for an heavenly draught.
That sponge of vinegar, which they thought good
Enough for him, he'll fill it with his blood.
And as a signe their safety he doth mean
Purge them with Hyssop that they may be clean.
And now 'tis finish'd. O that I and all
Could in the houre of expiration call

On God, as he: My spirit I commit
 My God to thee, thou gav'st, receive thou it.
 Father, forgive their finnes, they do not know
 (Father, forgive their trespasse,) what they do.
 O see his goodnesse! in his greatest pain
 He did not leave to intercede for man:
 Even in his change, when just he was to part;
 His sp'rit flew forth in pray'rs to change their heart;
 And with these words resigning quietly
 His soul, he who can never die, doth die.
 The sunne amaz'd reins in his steeds, and shrouds
 His muffled face in black condensed clouds;
 Thinking it more preposterous to see
 The sunne of righteousness eclips'd; then he.
 A three houres darknesse straight envelops all
 The land: the night is a night typicall,
 For each houre count a day, our Saviour hath
 Just so long walked in the vale of death.
 Nature's turn'd topsy-turvy from her station, (tion.
 Earth's fabrick mov'd with fear moves her founda-
 The rocks now that grand Rock of help is shook
 Tear their hard entrails up as thunder-strook;
 Mosaick rites of right with him now ending,
 Gin vail to him, the veil o'th temple rending,
 The heavens above flash lightnings out of measure;
 The earth reveals her own, and Gods best treasure;
 The saints arise, and shew themselves abroad,
 And in that shewing shew the power of God.
 Yet as the holy city now sees them,
 They may see those i'th' new Jerusalem;

This

This the Centurion sees, and, on the quaking
O'th' earth, hath fixt his faith beyond all shaking.
The Jews high-feast is nigh at hand, and they
For greater celebration of the day,
Ask't that the crucifid might forthwith be
Dispatcht outright, and taken from the tree;
Who, & execute this hard command were sent,
Straight brake the two thieves legs, sans comple-
Do break them. without help of legs, the one (ment.
Will make a shift to paradise to run,
But when they to our Saviour came, whose breath
Was gone, they, satisfied with his death,
Broke not a bone: the Scriptures so had spoke.
Had they broke them, they Gods decrees had broke,
Those were the marble columnes his spouse praised,
On whom the basis of the Church were raised.
But one more boldly curious then the rest,
Resolv'd to put the truth unto the test,
And thrust his spear into his side, a spout
Of bloud and water severally gush'd out;
Both streams were for mankinde eternall good,
Onely deny'd to him that made the flood.
Why cast they lots for s coat, since none would be
Mongst them content to wear his livery?
Oh think they, clad in that same woollen coat,
Each shall a sheep be thought, and not a goat?
Alas! they can't act Saints parts, without doubt
Th' all-knowing God will find dissemblers out.
Our Lord's yet on the Crosse, but in the even
Joseph takes heart of grace, prays to be given

To

To him Christs body. Pilate hears him: gives
What Judas sold, by him whose guilt he lives.
His body is embalm'd. O could there be
A sent more aromatick then was he!
Could ought more soveraign then himself be had:
Heav'ns soveraign, precious balm of Gilead.
Wrapt up in fine white sindon, which(how e're)
Cannot his whiter innocence come near.
Clothe me with that pure raiment that I may
Appearing (at the last and generall day)
Not daunted; at that great mutation
Be found to have my wedding garments on.
His tomb's prepared of no rare Architect,
With Imagery of Persian marble deckt.
What other ornament could that grave need,
Wherein our Lord did deign to lay his head.
From any former dusts pollution free,
Gods holy one must no corruption see.
But soft. I am too rash that thus dare venture
Boldly into this hallow'd place to enter.
Yet oh! e're back I step, 'tis all I crave
To leave my sins behind me in his grave.
Alas the day-star's clouded from my sight;
Alas the day! rather, alas the night!
The Sun of righteousness is set, and I
Groping to find the way ith' dark must cry
At once my Saviour Lord, why leav'st thou me?
The Sunne of righteousness is set: to rise
After repose more splendent in our eyes:
The Sun of glory's set, what should we do
But turn our glory into sadnesse too?

Set

An Hymn on the Resurrection.

127

Set in a sea of bloud: who's he forbears
At least to bathe him in a sea of of tears?
The Sun of glory's set and I have done;
Setting a period here with him my Sun.

*An Hymn on the Resurrection of our Lord and
Saviour JESUS CHRIST.*

I

HE's rose, not death the power could have
To keep him longer in the grave,
His dusty spoils among.
He's rose who set before to rise
With greater splendour in our eyes;
And with him rise my song.

2

This tomb in which inclos'd did lie
Mortall immortalitie,
Left widdow'd since he went
Though him it could not keep, shall be
Conserv'd it self in memory,
Be its own monument.

3

How dire a journey did he take
Of three dayes travell for our sake,
Riding his progresse on!
Conquering even death it self, and making
The damned fiends, agast, stand quaking
In their own region.

Who

4 Hymn on the Resurrection.

Who could a sifter Nuncios choose
 Then some bright cherub for this news;
 Tidings so sweet they are
 As might create a strife to tell
 Which doth the other most excell,
 The news, or messenger.

5

Let superstitious Persians follow,
 With bent knees their ador'd Apollo,
 From his Sabeans nest;
 But my devotions course shall run,
 An heliotropium, to that Sun
 Arising in the East.

6

Nor let Aströlogers divine,
 Because two sunnes together shine,
 Death will ensue; but rather
 Life, which benignely flows from hence,
 Shewn by combined influence
 Of Spirit, Son, and Father.

*An Hymn on the glorious Ascension of our Lord
 and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

I

MAke clear thy opticks, Soul, and view,
 If wonder gives thee leave to see

Heav'n

Heav'n comes to claime from earth it's due
Who not content is forc'd t'agree:
The principall shee holdes it best
To pay ; yet keeps the interest.

2

But loth her Lord so soon should hence
From some low vaile shee would not let
Him part , but lingring brought her prince
To th' top of high mount Olivet :
From whence an envious cloud in spight
Doth ravish him from humane sight.

3

What joyes Heav'n's Hierarchy among ?
What peales of Hallelujah's ring ?
The glorified quire 'ginne throng
Together to salute their King.
There gladnesse is , on earth, greifes swell,
Wrath, envy, black despaire, in Hell.

4

Now thou art rais'd , why lingers heere
Thy servant in this vale of wo?
Let him be fixed in a spheare
With thee, not wander heere below

I

Let

Let him a starre; no planet prove;
A signe in heaven of thy love

My loadstone's set aloft, attract
With thy magnetick force my soule;
That touched with faiths lively act
May turne to thee as to the Pole;
These are my Oraisons which god fulfill,
And Christ's ascension bids me hope he will.

A Hymn

A Hymn on the day of Pentecost.

1

HAile, o day, so highly famed
Brighter be thou still returning,
For thy candour aye be named
A white, a blest, a glorious morning.

2

In whose just praise my muse now writing
Feares this honour'd feast she wronges,
Wanting, whilst she is reciting,
What those Saintes had, the gift of tongues.

3

Tongues as diverse, and as many,
As upon th'Apostles fell;
Yet amongst them all nor any,
But kindled by the fire of zeale.

4

Those their tongues were clove asunder,
Their praises I intend to joine

I 2

Till

132 *A Hymn upon the feast of Pentecost.*
Till all as much are fill'd with wonder
As they supposed to be with wine.

5.

But soft, rash muse, no further venture,
That heat sure doth not thee inspire;
Keep aloof, and dare not enter
Lest thou deserve another fire.

F I N I S.

